

# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

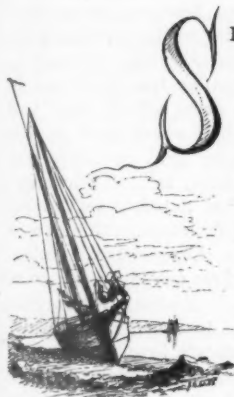
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## AMERICAN YACHTING IN 1888.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.



SINCE Jennie Lind carried New York by storm, and gave foreign singers a great popular vogue in the United States, no fancy has taken such general and lasting hold on our people as the taste for yachting within the last decade. Every one talks of cutters, sloops, "skimming dishes," center boards and keels, whether he knows anything or nothing about them. Portraits of famous yachts are to be seen in every shop window; yachting scenes vie with the pictures of noted beauties on cigar boxes; models of yachts, executed with knowledge and skill, serve to attract crowds in shop windows and liquor saloons, made of every material, in one instance the hull being entirely constructed of the floats of fishing lines and the sails embroidered with floss silk. The fashion has seized even the undertakers: a clever model of a schooner-yacht has been somewhat incongruously used by an undertaker to attract the passers-by to his window. The literature of yachting has also increased with amazing rapidity, the works on the subject now forming a library. These are but a few of the signs which show the direction of the popular current.

Until recently this interest was confined

to a very small number of our people, a remarkable fact, considering the figure once made by our shipbuilders and mariners. A few years ago, however, some of our enthusiastic yachtsmen took a notion to introduce nautical heresy into yachting circles by whispering doubts as to the efficacy of the American centerboard type, actually branding it with the contemptuous title of "skimming-dish." They went farther, and in spite of all the American yachts that had weathered the gales of the Atlantic, asserted that we could not build sea-worthy yachts, but only "floating coffins," and, worse still, declared that, in order to know how to build yachts, we must take lessons in the shipyards of England.

If these "cuttah" men had merely confined themselves to talking, the matter would have ended there; but they insisted on importing English plans, and actually proceeded both to build cutters here and to import them—real out-and-out extreme British yachts. Nay, more, they contrived, by an insidious plot, to foist a rabid anglo-maniac on the staff of one of our leading sporting periodicals. In such a thorough designer and builder as Mr. Piepgrass, these enthusiasts likewise found an excellent collaborator, and typical cutters, like the *Oriva* and *Bedouin*, built here, or imported ones like the *Stranger* or the *Madge*, showed the earnestness of the new movement.

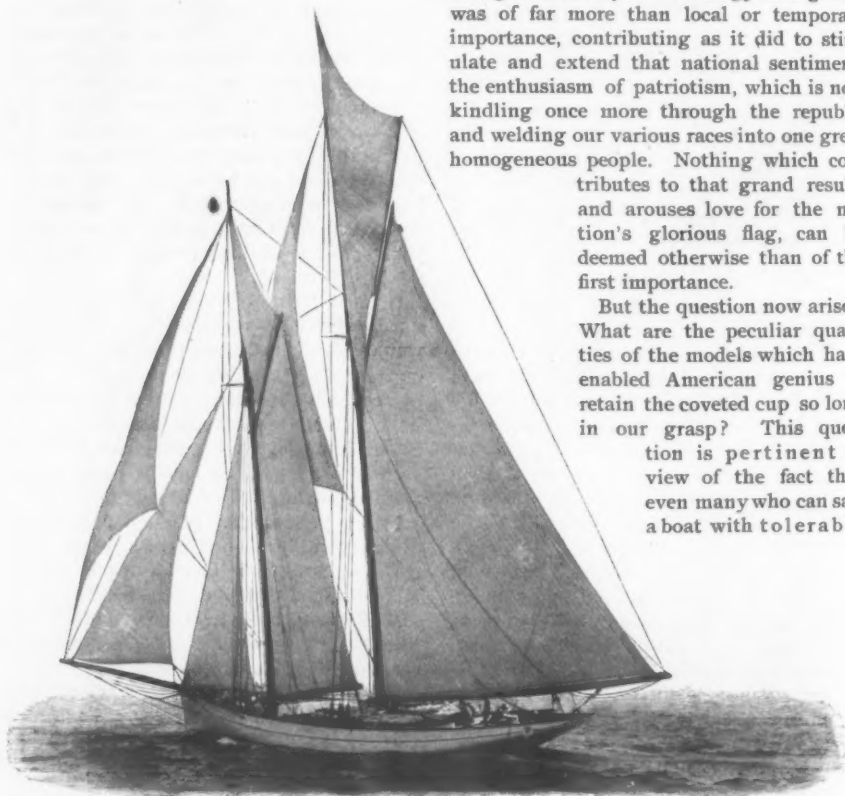
The aggressiveness of the "cutter" men naturally aroused an intense feeling on the part of the upholders of the native type, whether keel or centerboard. A number of

racers between two or three small imported cutters of the extreme type, deep, narrow, and depending entirely on outside lead ballast, and sloops of corresponding dimensions, displayed such remarkable qualities in the cutters, although not always successful, that wide interest was not only aroused, but anxiety as well, lest by their steady efforts to improve, the English yachtsmen should ere long succeed in recovering the America's cup.

The results of the three great and remarkable trials, in which *Genesta*, *Galatea*, and *Thistle*, the latter the swiftest yacht ever launched in Great Britain, were successively vanquished, are too recent and too well known to require more than the mere mention here. The important facts concerning these races, destined to lasting consequences, are that a second time in history America

has produced an unrivaled yacht design and an altogether new and distinct type or model, which has modified prevailing notions of yacht building, and is likely to continue, at least as a fashion, for years to come, although it is not in all respects superior to the plan of our old sloops and schooners. Apropos of these results, it is not inappropriate to call attention in this place to the fact that the proverbial ingratitude of republics has for once, at least, been disproved in the case of the builder and designer of the three winning yachts, General Paine and Mr. Burgess. A fund was raised by popular subscription and presented to the latter, and the city of Boston gave an elaborate reception to both gentlemen within the historic walls of Faneuil Hall, October 7, 1887. It was realized by the good people of Boston that the event which they had brought about by their energy and genius was of far more than local or temporary importance, contributing as it did to stimulate and extend that national sentiment, the enthusiasm of patriotism, which is now kindling once more through the republic and welding our various races into one great homogeneous people. Nothing which contributes to that grand result, and arouses love for the nation's glorious flag, can be deemed otherwise than of the first importance.

But the question now arises, What are the peculiar qualities of the models which have enabled American genius to retain the coveted cup so long in our grasp? This question is pertinent in view of the fact that even many who can sail a boat with tolerable



THE GRAYLING.

skill, are unable to analyze and define the exact difference between an English cutter and an American sloop, and are hence unable to perceive the exact points of change, development and progress made in recent years in the modeling of American yachts.

It has been the habit of foreign and especially English experts and naval critics, to assume that the chief feature of American yachts was the center-board, combined with extreme shallowness or light draft. This has been a great mistake, and has led to serious misconception of the question, especially by leading to the assumption that American yachts are unseaworthy and only good in fair weather or for hugging the shore in land-locked bays and sounds. And this view of the subject, we regret to say, has been reiterated with increased prejudice, bitterness, and scorn by American advocates of the cutter who, whatever may be the advantages of the English yacht, should not so easily forget the triumphs and achievements of the American yacht on many occasions and in every variety of weather. No, I am very decidedly of the opinion that the really distinctive and original feature of the American yacht has always been the possession of a high degree of initial stability resulting from great breadth of beam. This quality has applied to all our yachts, whether keel or center-board, giving to both classes alike great sail-carrying power, with far less ballast to drag, or to strain the frame. The English yacht, on the other hand, has never been able to stand up straight without ballast, even when afloat without sails and spars, having no inherent equilibrium in itself. This tendency has increased more and more until the present "knife-edge" type\* has been evolved requiring a special frame of enormous strength, of peculiar shape, and of great expense in order to sustain a "lead mine" on the keel. That great breadth of beam is not in itself a bar to speed is abundantly shown by the achievements not only

\*The "Ariel," just imported, has a breadth of nine beams, or four feet six inches, to a length of thirty-nine feet over all, and eight feet draft.



THE THISTLE



Edward Burgess

of our yachts but also of our merchant marine. The breadth of our clippers was always considerably in excess of that of the smartest Aberdeen tea clippers, but no foreign sailing-ship that ever floated has equaled the astonishing speed of our own broadly-shaped clippers. Let no American ever forget this fact.

It is for this reason that we are not in favor of taxing the sail plan in yacht races, a new system now coming into vogue, which the writer himself one time inclined to favor. Given three dimensions, length on the water-line in sailing trim, in order to avoid tonnage cheating, breadth and depth, the question is, Who can build the ship with those three qualities that will go the fastest out of seven races?—three races being really insufficient as a fair test of vessels closely matched. One party asserts that the ship ninety feet long, of lesser beam, will beat the one of greater beam; the other side claims that the wide ninety-foot boat must win. That is the point at issue in a nutshell, as regards types, be the models what they may in other respects, such as the run, the entrance, the dead rise, etc. But, says the first party, the wider

boat can carry more sail to her length, and therefore must by so much give allowance to the narrower boat. Quite the contrary, for the larger spread of canvas implies greater bulk to force through the water. Nor is it a question of displacement, for with equal length and draft the wider model may displace a larger tonnage. It is a vexing, hair-splitting, soul-harrowing question. But after all, the simplest solution is that of length alone as the basis of measurement. Bulk is not a sufficient index, for many a ship of five hundred tons has made the run to China in less time than some of fifteen hundred tons.

We are the more inclined to insist that initial stability depending on breadth is the especial feature of the American yacht, because, as we propose to show, this continues to be retained by our best contemporary

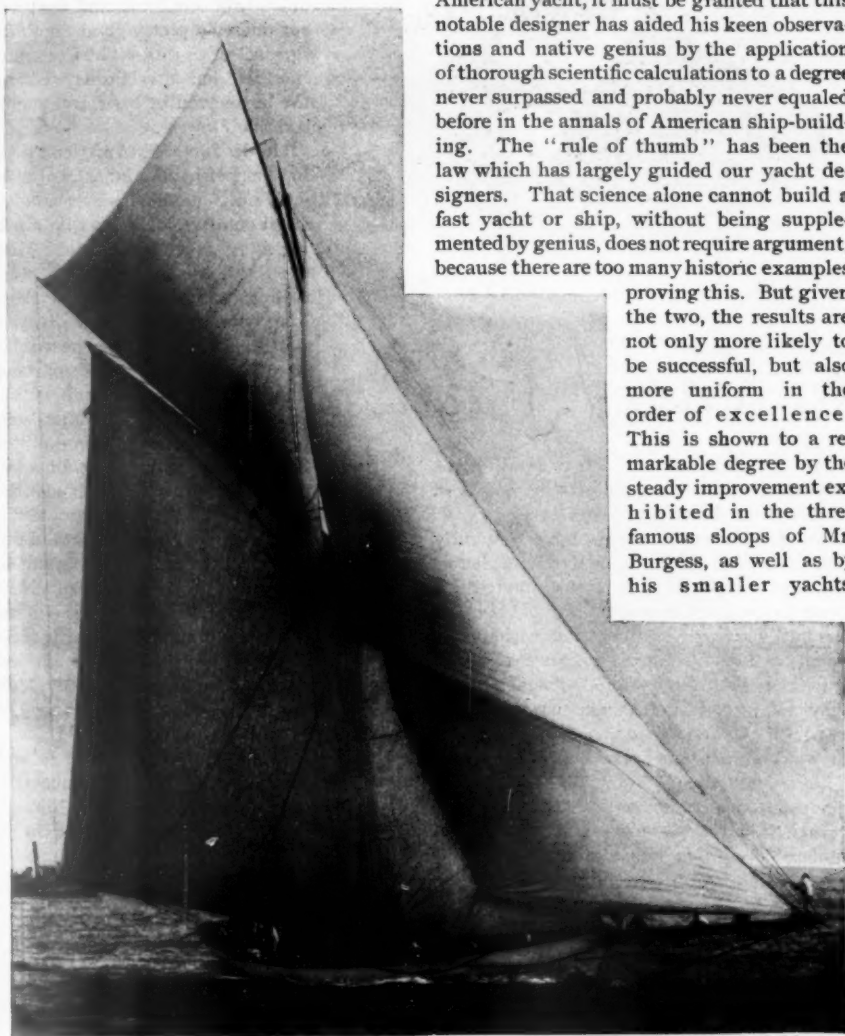
yacht designers, while approximating in almost every other detail to the typical British yacht of the present time. At the same time—and this is very important—it is almost the only point in which the English yachtsmen have yielded to our ideas, and have condescended to borrow from our designers, as was evidenced by the fastest yacht ever built in Great Britain, and the hardest one to beat in the international races—we refer, of course, to the famous *Thistle*. The *Genesta*, our rival in the first of the three great races, has a length of eighty-one feet on the water line, and fifteen feet beam, to the *Mayflower's* eighty-five feet seven inches water line, and twenty-three feet six and one-half inches beam. The *Thistle*, to a length on the water line of 86.46 feet, has 20.35 feet beam, to the *Volunteer's* 85.88 water line, and 23.2 inches beam. Here, indeed, is a decided concession and approximation of types. The three feet of difference in favor of the *Volunteer* was sufficient to turn the scale, for it gave the sloop more bilge and stability; with fifteen tons less ballast than the *Thistle* she was able to spread nine thousand two hundred and sixty square



feet of canvas to her rival's eight thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight feet, although nearly one foot shorter. Add to this the advantage of the centerboard for eating to windward, and the reasons for the victory of the *Volunteer* are not difficult of discovery. The centerboard alone would not have accomplished this result, for the centerboard adds nothing to stability. It was beam first, and, therefore, we insist that the distinguishing feature of the American yacht

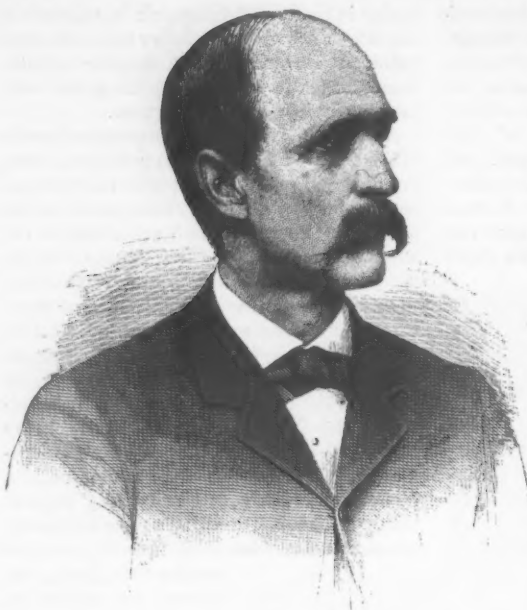
to-day is beam, and to abolish it, after all it has done toward our yachting triumphs, and build narrow craft like the English cutters, is emphatically to give away the game with insufficient advantages in return.

An examination of the comparative details of the English model and the Burgess compromise will still further prove the truth of our statement regarding the approximation of the Burgess sloops and schooners to the English. In making these changes in the American yacht, it must be granted that this notable designer has aided his keen observations and native genius by the application of thorough scientific calculations to a degree never surpassed and probably never equaled before in the annals of American ship-building. The "rule of thumb" has been the law which has largely guided our yacht designers. That science alone cannot build a fast yacht or ship, without being supplemented by genius, does not require argument, because there are too many historic examples proving this. But given the two, the results are not only more likely to be successful, but also more uniform in the order of excellence. This is shown to a remarkable degree by the steady improvement exhibited in the three famous sloops of Mr. Burgess, as well as by his smaller yachts.



THE VOLUNTEER.

Photographed by J. S. Johnston.



Chas. J. Paine

There is often, on the other hand, great unevenness in the merits of the yachts of some of our American designers.

As Mr. Burgess's yachts have generally been provided with the centerboard, let us see how nearly he has approximated his boats to the English, premising that it is not the hull which gives the classification to a yacht, as some in their ignorance suppose; it is the rig and that alone. The same hull may be rigged successively as a cutter, a yawl, or a schooner; or as a sloop, a yawl, or a schooner; or as a schooner, or a brig. Thus we see the *Priscilla*, one of the large sloops intended to compete with the *Genesta*, turned this year into a schooner. The famous sloop *Maria* was afterward rigged as a schooner. Fore-and-afters may also be changed into square-rigged vessels, and *vice versa*.

Mr. Burgess found the American centerboard sloop a craft of very light draft, and a length ranging from two and a half to three and a half beams. He has increased the draft until his latest large yacht, the

beautiful schooner, *Marguerite*, just launched, has a draft of eleven feet on a water line of eighty feet, although carrying a centerboard. To all intents and purposes he has made her a keel boat, and the centerboard in such a case can be of comparatively little use, except in nipping up into the wind in strong puffs. The famous *Sachem*, his previous schooner, has only eight feet draft, and that was considered a pretty good depth for a vessel of eighty-eight feet water line. He has also slightly reduced the beam even in his small yachts like the *Papoose*.

The distinctively American sloop has a perpendicular stern post, and only moderate overhang or short counter. He has given raking stern posts to his yachts, like the English, and, like them, added a long, tapering counter. This long counter is added by the way, not because it aids the speed, but in order to increase the deck room, and give better control of the immense boom; and this long overhang has now become all but universal with new American yachts, while many old ones have increased their short V stern. As regards looks, it is a matter of taste, and the tendency now is to extend this feature of our yachts to an extravagant degree. The beauty of some of the old V sterns, with rolling quarters, has in our opinion, never been equaled by later models. The influence of the Burgess models has been widely felt. Witness, for example, Mr. Maxwell's famous *Shamrock*, designed by her proprietor after recent styles.

The typical sloop had her mast set well forward, almost in the "eyes," and carried a large single jib. Mr. Burgess steps his mast very nearly amidships, and divides the jib into foresail and jib, like the English cutter, the jib being set flying and running on a traveler. In the *Volunteer* he has gone a step farther in imitation, and employs a reefing or movable bowsprit. By the position of the mast the balance of the canvas is changed, and the boom, therefore, extends a less distance over the taffrail than in a sloop. Owing to greater beam he is not

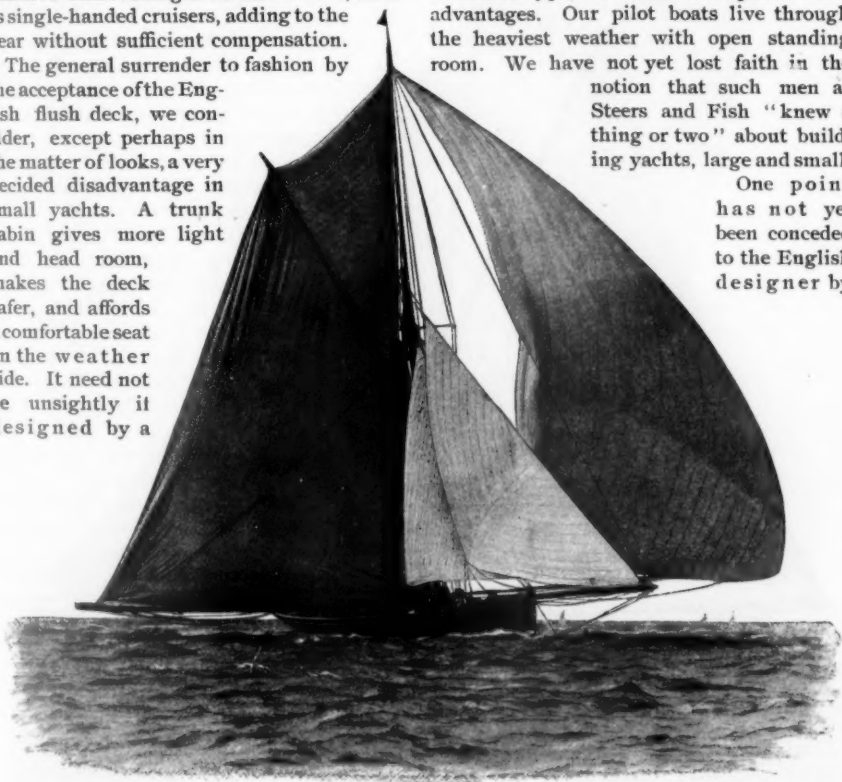
obliged to resort to the expedient of wide channels out board, as in the narrow English models, an obstacle which probably retards their speed in a heavy breeze, because the channel serves to catch the sea.

Mr. Burgess, together with some of our other yachtsmen, has also changed the single American toppinglift attached to the extreme end of the boom to the double toppinglifts of the English which extend only to the taffrail; and has added to the rigging the runner pennants or swifters and topmast backstays of the cutter. To most of these changes there is no objection; they have their advantages in the managing of the heavy spars of a large yacht; but we cannot blind our eyes to the fact that they make the Burgess compromise sloop very like an English cutter, just as the shortening of the foremast in our recent schooners makes them look very English. Some of these modifications are, however, positive disadvantages in small craft, such as single-handed cruisers, adding to the gear without sufficient compensation.

The general surrender to fashion by the acceptance of the English flush deck, we consider, except perhaps in the matter of looks, a very decided disadvantage in small yachts. A trunk cabin gives more light and head room, makes the deck safer, and affords a comfortable seat on the weather side. It need not be unsightly if designed by a

man of taste. The abolition of the cockpit or standing room is also a mistake. Lying on one's stomach in order to allow the mainboom to swing around or sitting flat on a wet deck, is a very awkward and unpleasant operation not to say absurd, when the predicament can be easily avoided by a convenient, moderately depressed standing room with comfortable seats. The danger alleged in such a convenience, namely, liability to fill in a heavy sea, is slight and of little account when the standing room is decked and provided with scuppers. A sea that would fill it would sweep every man off from a flush-decked boat. We consider this innovation purely the result of the fashion that has set in for copying everything British in yachts. By all means borrow ideas when they offer an improvement to those already in practice. But this one of flush decks in small yachts presents no advantages over the deck of the American type, but rather some positive disadvantages. Our pilot boats live through the heaviest weather with open standing room. We have not yet lost faith in the notion that such men as Steers and Fish "knew a thing or two" about building yachts, large and small.

One point has not yet been conceded to the English designer by



THE MAYFLOWER.

our best builders. The sides of even our latest yachts still curve gracefully from the bilge, with a slight tendency to tumble home or bend inwards, which gives infinite grace to the yacht when lying in repose, like a floating bird. The typical English yacht of the day, on the other hand, rises from the water wall-sided, and thus, when looked at endwise, offers no effect of buoyancy or grace, and suggests too plainly that the only thing that keeps her from toppling over must be a prodigious weight carried very low down. The American yacht of to-day is not so handsome as the style that came in with the famous "America." This

observation applies emphatically to the small yachts constructed with very high freeboard and an immense overhang aft. They are said to be safer than our small sloops of other days; it may be so, although it remains to be proved; but they are less graceful and more expensive, owing to the increased cost of frame to support the outside ballast. Safety, however, is a solid compensation. We consider, however, that many of the lamentable accidents which have occurred in our waters are due not so much to the form of our yachts as to the fact that our coast during the heated term is liable to violent thunder squalls or fierce and sudden smoky sou'westers. Any



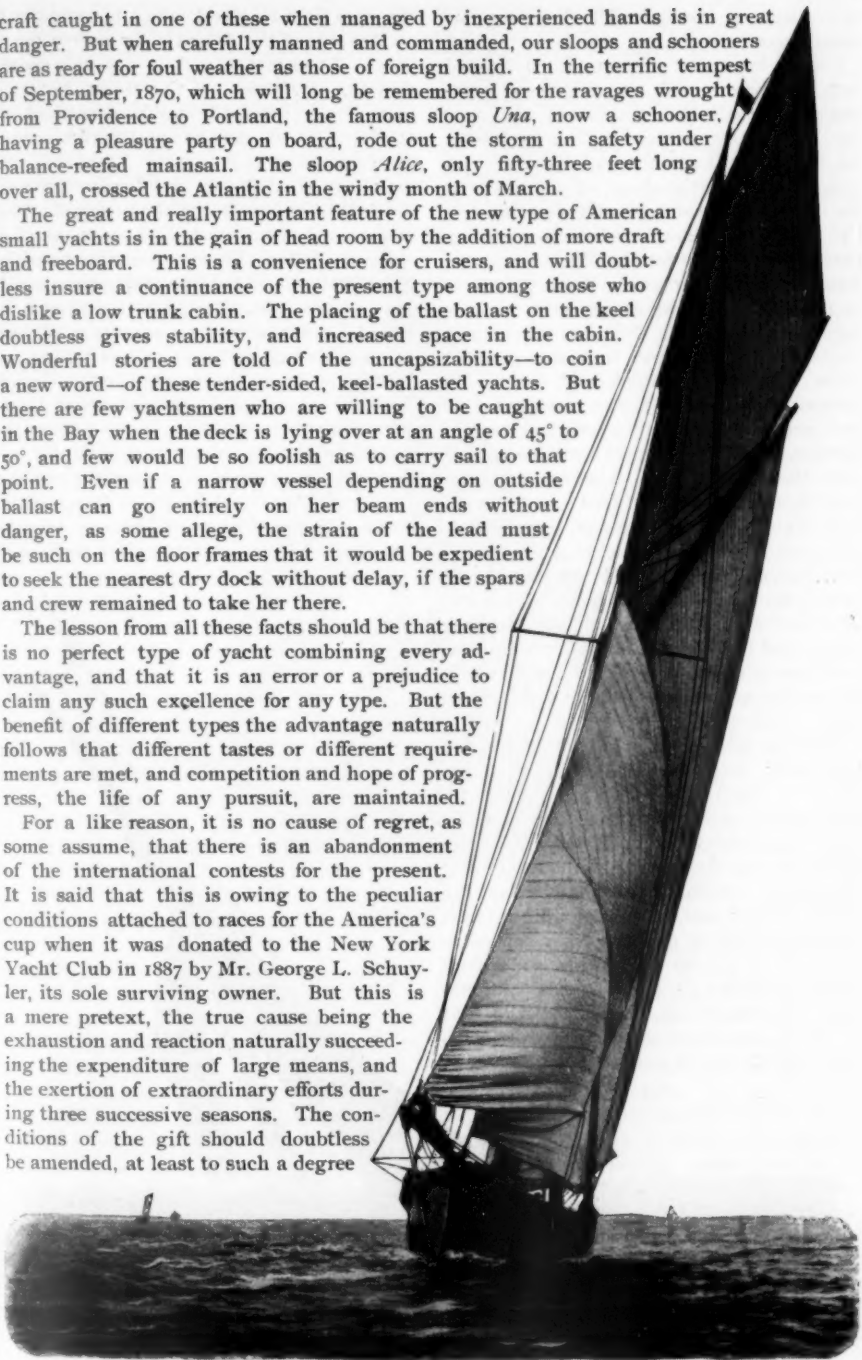
DEAD BEFORE THE WIND.

craft caught in one of these when managed by inexperienced hands is in great danger. But when carefully manned and commanded, our sloops and schooners are as ready for foul weather as those of foreign build. In the terrific tempest of September, 1870, which will long be remembered for the ravages wrought from Providence to Portland, the famous sloop *Una*, now a schooner, having a pleasure party on board, rode out the storm in safety under balance-reefed mainsail. The sloop *Alice*, only fifty-three feet long over all, crossed the Atlantic in the windy month of March.

The great and really important feature of the new type of American small yachts is in the gain of head room by the addition of more draft and freeboard. This is a convenience for cruisers, and will doubtless insure a continuance of the present type among those who dislike a low trunk cabin. The placing of the ballast on the keel doubtless gives stability, and increased space in the cabin. Wonderful stories are told of the uncapsizability—to coin a new word—of these tender-sided, keel-ballasted yachts. But there are few yachtsmen who are willing to be caught out in the Bay when the deck is lying over at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$  to  $50^{\circ}$ , and few would be so foolish as to carry sail to that point. Even if a narrow vessel depending on outside ballast can go entirely on her beam ends without danger, as some allege, the strain of the lead must be such on the floor frames that it would be expedient to seek the nearest dry dock without delay, if the spars and crew remained to take her there.

The lesson from all these facts should be that there is no perfect type of yacht combining every advantage, and that it is an error or a prejudice to claim any such excellence for any type. But the benefit of different types the advantage naturally follows that different tastes or different requirements are met, and competition and hope of progress, the life of any pursuit, are maintained.

For a like reason, it is no cause of regret, as some assume, that there is an abandonment of the international contests for the present. It is said that this is owing to the peculiar conditions attached to races for the America's cup when it was donated to the New York Yacht Club in 1887 by Mr. George L. Schuyler, its sole surviving owner. But this is a mere pretext, the true cause being the exhaustion and reaction naturally succeeding the expenditure of large means, and the exertion of extraordinary efforts during three successive seasons. The conditions of the gift should doubtless be amended, at least to such a degree



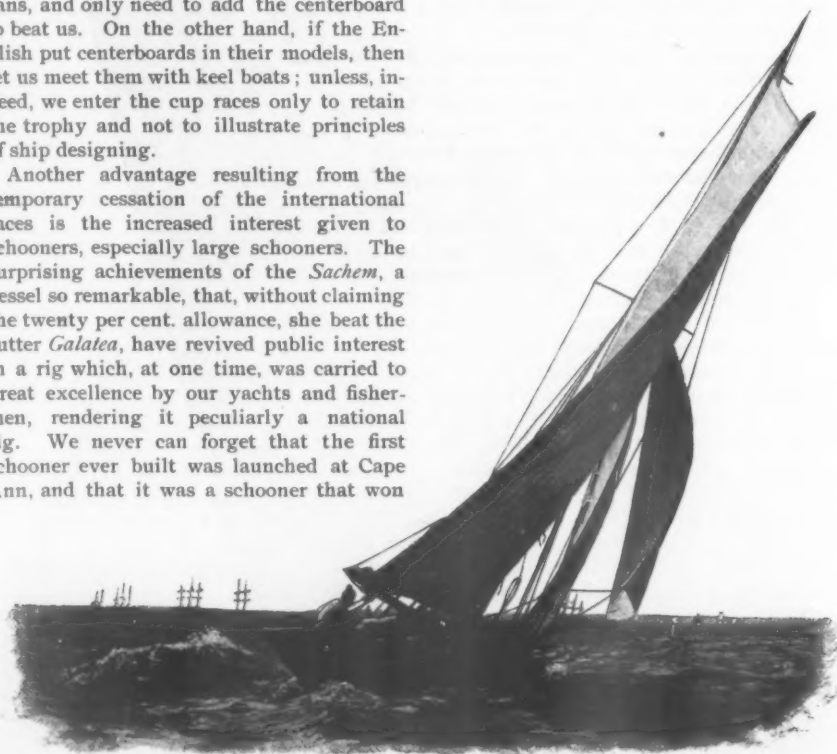
THE GENESTA.

as to allow of change with changing circumstances.

Let us hope that when next challenged our yachtsmen will manfully and generously concede the centerboard and meet the English competitors with a keel boat. As it is now, it can always be claimed that it is not so much the shape of our racers as the centerboard which gives us the superiority. This can be asserted with some apparent reason, because Mr. Burgess' sloops, especially the later ones, draw almost as much water with the centerboard up as a regular keel model. But our yachtsmen claim, *per contra*, that it is the superior lines of our models which lead our flag to victory. There is only one way to decide the question—that is, by a practical demonstration. We have shown what we can do with the centerboard; let us see what we can do without it, for, if that feature is all that the question turns upon, then the English can build as good yachts as the Americans, and only need to add the centerboard to beat us. On the other hand, if the English put centerboards in their models, then let us meet them with keel boats; unless, indeed, we enter the cup races only to retain the trophy and not to illustrate principles of ship designing.

Another advantage resulting from the temporary cessation of the international races is the increased interest given to schooners, especially large schooners. The surprising achievements of the *Sachem*, a vessel so remarkable, that, without claiming the twenty per cent. allowance, she beat the cutter *Galatea*, have revived public interest in a rig which, at one time, was carried to great excellence by our yachts and fishermen, rendering it peculiarly a national rig. We never can forget that the first schooner ever built was launched at Cape Ann, and that it was a schooner that won

the prize from England, which has remained on this side of the Atlantic for nearly forty years. In seamanship it is not only speed that is, or should be, the object, but the means by which skill may be developed in attaining speed, and the sport which comes from pursuit of that object. Therefore, one may have as much fun, and display quite as much skill in developing the power of a two masted or a three masted schooner, as of a sloop or a cutter. The exercise of seamanship is really the object the true yachtsman should have before him. And, for this reason, it would be a pleasure to see some of our wealthy Corinthian yacht sailors taking an interest in the management of square-rigged yachts. If less speed is attained with them than with fore-and-afters, more skill is required to develop it, far more skill, for example, to go in stays, or to meet the coming of a squall, or the hazards of being taken aback. A race of brigs or barks or brigantines would be a most beautiful sight, and



A SINGLE HANDER.



would call out every energy and skill. One of the most exhilarating spectacles witnessed by the writer, was a race and display of rapid evolutions between two brigs of war, in the spacious harbor of Brest, the wind blowing a stiff, topsail breeze out the west, and a heavy sea rolling into the port. No display of racing between sloops or schooners ever gave me such a vivid idea of the power and

tons of lead, by the transformation of the *Priscilla* from a sloop to a schooner, and by the placing of outside lead ballast on the famous schooners *Montauk* and *Grayling*, with the intention of entering them in distinctively schooner races. The old *Resolute*, now called the *Ramona*, has also undergone great changes in the hands of Mr. A. Cary Smith, receiving a long, English counter, a stern-



Photographed by N. L. Stebbins.

THE PAPOOSE.

kill of which seamanship is capable. No command on a schooner ever sounds quite so grand as the sonorous orders "Maintop-sail haul!" or, "Let go, and haul!" followed by the creaking of the great yards as they swing around, and the noble fabric responds to the pressure of the swelling canvas. It may be said that the expense of running a square-rigger is too great for pleasure; but look at the enormous sums lavished on the effeminate toys called steam yachts.

The renewed interest in schooners this season is shown by the building of such ships as Mr. Burden's powerful yacht, *Marguerite*, proposed as a rival to the stately *Sachem*, which has been reinforced by eight additional

post raking sixty degrees, and a pole bowsprit.

But the most important result of the interest created by "cutter men" in yachting, and of the great cup races, has been to create extraordinary activity among amateur yacht sailors, who "go down to the sea" in small yachts, called single-handers, of which they form captain and perhaps crew as well. This class of yachts has become very numerous, attracting some of those sportsmen who might otherwise have unwisely gone into canoeing for their summer recreation. This mosquito fleet is composed of small craft of twenty to twenty-three feet water line. The tiny cabins offer accom-

modations for two or three, and are provided with every convenience possible in so small a space. During July and August they thread the creeks and bays along the New England coast, now becalmed on a breezeless glassy swell, or anon leaping from crest to crest, washed with spray. At nightfall they anchor in a snug haven, and, in genial mood, live over the excitements and adventures of the day. Thus does the modern Ulysses win health for body and soul in the most delightful and invigorating of sports.

Attendant upon this growth in the love for yachting, has been, not only an increase in the number of yacht clubs, but added vigor to those already existing. Spacious club-houses have been erected, offering many conveniences for yachtsmen, such as the new building of the Larchmont Yacht Club, or the well-known house of the Eastern Yacht Club, at Marblehead. The latter occupies a prominent position near the water, and is admirably located, situated as it is, at a port whose advantages are such as to maket, perhaps with the exception of Cowes, the most admirable harbor for a yacht rendezvous in the world. The adjacent waters are clear of danger and in summer rippled by an east wind, the entrance is free from rocks and reefs, the holding ground clean and good, and the anchorage well protected. It is a curious sight on Saturday evenings during the summer, to see yachts stealing down to Marblehead to spend Sunday there. On Sunday morning the crews go ashore when the bean cart goes through the town. The buxom matrons and maidens come to the doors to obtain their weekly ration of the succulent vegetable, baked in brown clay pipkins, around a crisp, savory chunk of salt pork. On the wharves and street corners old fishermen are seen smoking rank pipes, redolent with plug, and perhaps the salt spray of a score of winters off the rock-bound shores of Cape Ann. Then the jolly yachtsman comes forward with his silver quarter, and claims a share of the savory mess, which would make that coast memorable were there no other cause for giving it fame. They sell what they call New England baked beans at many a cheap restaurant in New York, as they also offer fish chowder. But to get either of these incomparable products of a district which has produced nothing more characteristic ex-



THE GALATEA REEFING HER TOPSAIL.



ONE STYLE OF YACHTING OFF MARBLEHEAD.

cepting the poems of Whittier, one should spend Sunday in Marblehead or Salem.

The "furreigners"—as all who are not natives of "Mubblehead" are called by the "Mubbleheaders"—who condescend to eat her pork and beans are sure to enjoy their Sundays on a yacht quite as well as those who carry a French *chef* to serve elaborate dishes in magnificent saloons. As on shore, it is not luxury or lavish expense which alone brings comfort and pleasure to the heart of the genuine yachtsman. To him the humblest fare seasoned with the ozone of the salt, breezy ocean is enough. He delights to leave behind the swallow-tail coat and white choker, the desk, the postman, and the morning paper, and is never happier than when perched on the weather rail in a blue flannel shirt, conning his lively sloop and puffing at his briar-wood pipe; or, when the day is over, snug in port, partaking of a simple savory steak garnished with onions, and mealy potatoes, and washed down with an honest glass of ale or a brew of aromatic souchong. He hears the halliards slatting against the mast in the night wind, or feels the yacht jerking at her anchors, and anon the rattling of a cable or the creaking of blocks as another yacht runs in to her anchorage, and he hums to himself, "A wet sheet and a rolling sea, and a home on the rolling deep." He reckons not that his wee bark is neither large nor costly, for the spirit that inspires him is the same which fired the

Vikings of old to deeds of heroism and glory on many a stormy sea.

There are some who fear that steam yachts are destined to drive sailing yachts entirely out of the course or out of fashion. It is true that their number is greatly on the increase. Magnificence almost fabulous has been lavished upon them, and the speed of which some of them are capable, especially the Herreshoff boats, is something extraordinary. But speed is not the only thing the yachtsman looks for in a yacht any more than does the landsman who takes pleasure in horses. The enjoyment one takes in an elegant and speedy steam yacht we consider exactly akin to whirling over a prairie in a sumptuous Pullman car. But in the same way that steam has not driven fast horses out of existence nor out of fashion, steam yachting will have no more effect upon sail yachting, for which a certain number of enthusiasts will be found long as the world exists.

For this reason we note with great satisfaction the development in this country of a class of medium-sized yachts, the type of ten-tonners—so we call them in default of a better term—which is undergoing trial this season in eastern waters. We are inclined to think that the waters in the neighborhood of New York are such as to have been unfavorable at first to the development of the small keel yacht. The shallowness of its creeks, coves and harbors led to the almost



EASTERN YACHT CLUB, MARBLEHEAD.

exclusive adoption of exceedingly light-draft, skimming-dish, center-board boats. In Boston, on the other hand, the keel sail boat has always been quite as common, probably more so, as the center-board, for the harbors are deep, and cruising is at once on the broad Atlantic instead of along the sheltered reaches of Long Island Sound. There is therefore a larger variety of model to be seen in the small yachts of the New England clubs than in those of New York Bay.

Mr. Burgess produced almost as much of a sensation a year ago by his small thirty-six feet low water-line, keel sloop, *Papoose*, as with his larger compromise sloops. To use a slang phrase, she "cleaned out" everything of her size on the coast, and produced a furore for small sloops fitted alike for racing and cruising. This year, accordingly, we see among a whole fleet of small sloops no less than four new boats of her type, designed by Mr. Burgess, of nearly equal proportions. Two are center-board and two are keel boats, and the designer considers that it is a toss-up

which proves the winner. The writer has seen only two of them as yet, the *Baboon*,—a most preposterous name to give to a graceful yacht—and the *Xara*; both powerful looking crafts. The accommodations of the latter are ample and comfortable, but we should like her better if provided with a good standing room, for which there could be no possible objection on the score of safety in a boat of her size. Her dimensions are thirty-

nine feet and six inches low water line, forty-eight feet over all, with a straight stem, beam thirteen feet, draft eight feet, least freeboard three feet one inch, and six feet one inch head room. The owner's stateroom is aft of the main cabin, and excellent quarters are forward for galley and crew. She carries twelve tons of lead on the keel; the mast is thirty-six feet long, deck to hounds, topmast twenty-eight feet long, heel to truck, and the bowsprit, which reefs, twenty feet long; altogether a wholesome ship, if less handsome than some of our older sloops.

Before closing this resumé of American yachting in the season of 1888, it may be stated that cruising is greatly on the increase; yachtsmen are searching out the nooks and corners of our coast, and it is becoming quite the fashion for wives and children to accompany them; it is a fashion which may be heartily commended and should become permanent, for it is not costly if sensibly conducted, without regard to the national weakness, ostentation, and will do much to reduce the doctors' bills.



## MISS LOU.—PART V.\*

BY EDWARD P. ROE.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### SCOVILLE'S HOPE.

MRS. WHATELY found her niece on the veranda watching the proceedings without, and she lost no time in expressing her purpose. To her surprise, a pair of arms were around her neck instantly, and a kiss was pressed upon her lips.

"That's my answer," said Miss Lou, who was as ready to forgive and forget as a child. "If you say a word about going home I shall be unhappy. See, aunty, the Yankees are retreating again as our men advance."

The morning sun was now shining brightly and the day growing very warm. Before them was the scene of military operations. At present it afforded a deeply exciting spectacle, yet oppressed with no sense of personal danger. Scoville's little force was slowly retiring along the ridge which the Confederates were approaching, thus removing the theater of actual conflict from the vicinity of the dwelling.

Mr. Baron appeared on the veranda, and soon began to yield to the soothing influences of his pipe. It was not in his nature to make any formal acknowledgments of error, but he felt that he had gone on the wrong tack far and long enough, and so was ready for a gradual amelioration in his relations to his niece and sister. They had become too absorbed in the scene before them to think of much else, while Mrs. Baron sought composure and solace in her domestic affairs.

At last Mrs. Whately said, "The Yankees appear to have stopped retreating and to be increasing in numbers. Alas! I fear our men are in great danger and that the main column of the enemy is near."

There was a sudden outbreak of cries and exclamations from the negroes in the rear of the mansion. Zany rushed out, saying, "De Yanks comin' by Aun' Jinkey's cabin."

She had scarcely spoken before they heard

a rush of trampling steeds, and the head of a Union column swept round the house. Miss Lou saw Scoville leading, and knew that he had availed himself of his acquaintance with the place to guide an attack upon the Confederates in their rear. He saluted her with his saber and smiled as he passed, but her sympathies were with the major, now taken at such disadvantage. At this period the troops on both sides were veterans, and neither fought nor ran away without good reason. Major Brockton knew as well what to do as had Scoville before him, and retreated at a gallop with his men toward the southwest, whence his supports were advancing. The Union attack, however, had been something of a surprise, and a number of the Confederates were cut off.

The scene and event had been one to set every nerve tingling. But a few yards away the Union force had rushed by like a living torrent, the ground trembling under the iron tread of the horses. Far more impressive had been the near vision of the fierce, bronzed faces of the troopers, their eyes gleaming like their sabers, with the excitement of battle. Scoville won her admiration unstintedly, even though she deprecated his purpose. His bearing was so fearless, so jaunty even in its power, that he seemed as brave as any knight in the old-fashioned romances she had read, yet so real and genial that it was hard to believe he was facing death that sunny morning or bent upon inflicting it. Looking at his young, smiling, care-free face, one could easily imagine that he was taking part in a military pageant; but the headlong career and flashing weapons of his men, who deployed as they charged straight at the Confederates, dispelled any such illusion.

The ridge began to grow black with Union men, and Miss Lou soon perceived the gleam of artillery as the guns were placed in position. Mr. Baron, who had permitted his pipe to go out in the excitement, groaned, "The Yanks have come in force and are forming a line of battle yonder. If our troops come up, the fight will take place on

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my land. Lord help us! What's coming next?"

Miss Lou began to receive impressions which filled her with awe. Heretofore she had been intensely excited by what had been mere skirmishes, but now she witnessed preparations for a battle. That long line of dark blue on the ridge portended something more terrible than she could imagine. The sounds of conflict died away down the main road, the ring of axes was heard in the grove which crowned the ridge near the mansion, and Mr. Baron groaned again. Thin curls of smoke began to define the Union position—before noon thousands of coffee-pots were simmering on the fires.

At last a tall man, followed by a little group of officers and a squadron of cavalry, rode down the ridge toward the mansion. These troopers surrounded the house, forming one circle near and another much further away, so that none could approach without causing prompt alarm. The group of officers dismounted and orderlies held their horses. As the tall man came up the veranda steps Miss Lou saw two white stars on his shoulder. Then her uncle advanced reluctantly and this man said, "Mr. Baron, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Marston, commanding officer. This is my staff. Will you oblige us by as good a meal as can be provided hastily? I will pay for it."

"No, sir, you can not pay for it," replied Mr. Baron, indignantly. "I keep a house of entertainment only for my friends. At the same time, I know your request is equivalent to a command, and we will do the best we can."

"Very well, sir. I can repay you in a way that will be satisfactory to my mind, and be more advantageous to you. Hartly, tell the officer in command to permit no depredations. Ladies, your servant," and the general dropped into a chair as if weary.

Some of the younger officers promptly sought to play the agreeable to Mrs. Whately and her niece, and upon the latter all eyes rested in undisguised admiration. Cold and shy as she had appeared, she had not failed to note the fact. The woman was sufficiently developed within her for this, and the quick, unanimous verdict of these strangers and enemies in regard to herself, which she read

in their eyes, came with almost the force of a revelation. For the first time, she truly became conscious of her beauty and its power. More than ever she exulted in her escape and freedom, thinking, "What a poor figure is Cousin Mad beside these men whose faces are so full of intelligence!"

Mrs. Whately was the perfection of dignified courtesy, but quickly excused herself and niece on the plea of hastening preparations. She was one who could not extend even enforced hospitality bereft of its grace, and she also explained to Miss Lou, "We had much better gain their good-will than their ill-will."

"Well, aunty, we must admit that the Yankees have not acted like monsters yet."

The lady bit her lip, but said after a moment, "I suppose gentlemen are much the same the world over. Thus far it has been our good fortune to have met with such only. There is another class, however, from which God defend us!"

"Lieutenant Scoville admitted that himself. So there is on our side—men like Perkins."

"No, I mean Yankee officers who have at least permitted the worst wrongs in many parts of our unhappy land."

"Well," thought Miss Lou, as she helped Zany set the table, "after my experience I shall believe what I see. What's more, I mean to see the world before I die, and judge of everything for myself. Now, if the general on our side, with his staff, will only come to supper, I shall get quite an education in one day."

Mrs. Baron retired to her room, and would have nothing whatever to do with her present guests; but Aun' Suke did not need her orders now, nor did any of her assistants.

Chunk had again returned to his haunts, and had made havoc in the poultry yard. Now he worked like a beaver, meantime enjoining Aun' Suke "ter sabe de plumpest chicken ob de lot fer my Boss. Marse Scoville brung 'em all yere, you knows. Hi! but we uns had ter git out sud'n dough dis mawnin'."

"Does you tink de Linkum men git druv off agin?"

"How you talks, Aun' Suke. Hi! Druv off! Why, de ridge des black wid um—nuff ter eat Mad Whately en all he men



alibe. Dey des ridin' troo de kintry freein' we uns."

"Well, I hopes I kin stay free till night, anyhow," said Aun' Suke, pausing in her work to make a dab at a little darky with her wooden spoon scepter. "Firs Marse Scoville whirl in en say I free; den old miss whirl in en say I ain'; now comes de gin'ral ob de hull lot en I'se free agin'. W'at's mo', de freer I git de harder I has ter wuk. My haid gwine roun' lak dat ar brass rewster on de barn, w'en de win' blow norf en souf ter oncet."

"No mattah 'bout yo' haid, Aun' Suke. Dat ain' no 'count. Hit's yo' han's dat de gin'ral want busy."

"No mattah 'bout my haid, eh? Tek dat on yo'n den," and she cracked Chunk's skull sharply.

"Dat's right, Aun' Suke, keep de flies away," remarked Chunk, quietly. "You git all de freedom you wants ef you does ez I sez."

"Mo'n I wants ef I've got ter min' ev'y-body, eben dem w'at's neber growed up."

"I des step ter de gin'ral en say you hab dejections 'bout cookin' he dinner. Den I tell 'im ter order out a char'ot ter tek you ter glory."

"G'lang! imperdence," said Aun' Suke, resuming her duties.

"La! Aun' Suke," spoke up Zany, who had been listening for a moment, "doesn't yer know Chunk de boss ob de hull bizness? He des pickin' chickens now ter let de gen'ral res' a while. Bimeby he git on he hoss en lead de hull Linkum army wid yo' wooden spoon."

Chunk started for her, but the fleet-footed girl was soon back in the dining-room.

When the early dinner was almost ready, Mr. Baron said to his sister:

"Surely, there's no reason why you and Louise should appear."

"Very good reason, brother. I shall make these Northern officers feel that they have eaten salt with us, and so are bound to give us their protection. Moreover, I wish to gain every particle of information that I can. It may be useful to our general when he appears. Bring out your wine and brandy, for they loosen tongues."

It soon became evident, however, that General Marston and his staff felt in no need of Dutch courage, and were too plainly aware of their situation to confuse their minds

with their host's liquor even if they were so inclined. The general was serious, somewhat preoccupied, but courteous, especially to Miss Lou, on whom his eyes often rested kindly. At last he said:

"I have a little girl at home about your age and with your blue eyes. I'd give a good deal to see her to-day."

"I think, sir, you are glad that she is not where I am to-day," Miss Lou ventured to answer.

"Yes, that's true. I hope no harm will come to you, my child, nor will there if we can help it. I know what claims you have upon us and would be proud indeed if my daughter would behave as you have in like circumstances. I have traveled the world over, Mrs. Whately, and have never seen the equal of the unperturbed American girl."

"I certainly believe that true of Southern girls, generally," was the matron's reply, although she flushed under a consciousness of all that Scoville might have reported.

"Pardon me, madam, but you are in danger of perverting the minds of Southern girls with prejudice, a noble kind of prejudice, I admit, because so closely allied with what they regard as patriotism, but narrow and narrowing nevertheless. That old flag yonder means one people, one broad country, and all equally free under the law to think and act."

"Do you intend to remain in this country and hold it in subjection?" Mrs. Whately asked in smiling keenness.

"We intend to give the Southern people every chance to become loyal, madam, and for one I rest confidently in their intelligence and sober second thoughts. They have fought bravely for their ideas, but will be defeated. The end is drawing near, I think."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Baron grimly, "I am sorry you are preparing for some more bloody arguments about our very ears."

"I am also, on account of these ladies; in other respects, I am not. By night there may be many wounded and dying men. It will be well for them that they do not fall in a wild and desolate region like some that we have passed through. As you say, sir, war is an argument, a heated one at times. But a wounded man is an appeal to all kindly humanity. You would nurse me a little, Miss Baron, if I were brought in wounded, would you not?"

"Yes, sir, I would, because I feel what you say about a wounded man is true."

"Oh, I know that," he replied with a very kindly smile. "I hope to tell my little girl about you." Suddenly he became grave again and said: "Mr. Baron, you are somewhat isolated here, and may not be so well informed as I am. However the prospective conflict may turn, I can not remain in this region. Many of our wounded may be left. Do not delude yourself, sir, nor, if you can help it, permit your friends to be deluded by the belief, or even hope, that our forces will not soon control this and all other parts of the land. While I trust that humanity will lead to every effort to assuage suffering and save life, I must also warn you that strict inquisition will soon be made. There is nothing that we resent more bitterly than wrongs to or neglect of such of our wounded as must be left behind."

"It would seem, sir, that you hold me responsible for evils which I can not prevent."

"No, sir. I only suggest that you employ your whole influence and power to avert future evils. I am offering a word to the wise, I trust. Ah, Scoville, you have news?"

"Yes, sir, important," said that officer, standing dusty and begrimed at the doorway.

"Is there haste? Is your information for my ear only? I'm nearly through."

"Plenty of time for dinner, sir. No harm can now come from hearing at once what I have to say."

"Go ahead, then. I'd like my staff to know."

"Well, sir, having got the enemy on the run, we kept them going so they could not mask what was behind them. There's a large force coming up."

"As large as ours?"

"I think so. I gained an eminence from which I obtained a good view. Major Jones told me to say that he would skirmish with the advance, delay it, and send word from time to time."

"All right. Get some dinner, then report to me."

"Yes, sir;" and Scoville saluted and departed without a glance at any one except his commander.

"What do you think of my scout, Miss Baron?" asked the general with a humorous twinkle in his eyes.

"He proved himself a gentleman last even-

ing, sir, and now I should think he was proving a good soldier, much too good for our interests."

"You are mistaken about your interests. Don't you think he was rather rude in not acknowledging your presence?"

"I don't know much about military matters, but I reckon he thought he was on duty."

The general laughed. "Well," he remarked, "it does not seem to be age that makes us wise so much as eyes that see and a brain back of them. Scoville is a gentleman and a good soldier. He is also unusually well educated and thoughtful for his years. You are right, my dear. Pardon me, but you keep reminding me of my daughter, and I like to think of all that's good and gentle before a battle."

"I wish I could meet her," said Miss Lou, simply.

"Come and visit her after the war, then," said the general, cordially. "The hope of the country is in the young people, who are capable of receiving new and large ideas." Having made his acknowledgments to Mr. Baron and Mrs. Whately, he repaired to the veranda and lighted a cigar. The staff officers, who had tried to make themselves agreeable on general principles, also retired.

Miss Lou's cheeks were burning with an excitement even greater than that which the conflicts witnessed had inspired—the excitement of listening to voices from the great unknown world. "These courteous gentlemen," she thought, "this dignified general who invites me to visit his daughter, are the vandals against whom I have been warned. They have not only treated me like a lady, but have made me feel that I was one; yet to escape them I was to become the slave of a spoiled, passionate boy!"

Mrs. Whately guessed much that was passing in her mind, and sighed deeply.

At the veranda steps stood Uncle Lusthah, hat in hand and heading a delegation from the quarters. The general said, "Wait a moment," then dispatched one of his staff to the ridge with orders. "Now, my man."

Uncle Lusthah bowed profoundly and began, "De young Linkum ossifer said, las' night, how you tell us mo' dis maw'nin' 'bout our freedom."

"You are free. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation makes you all free."

"Kin we uns go 'long wid you, mars'r? Folks des seem kiner deaf 'bout dat ar prock-ermation in dese parts."

"No, my man, you can't go with us. We are marching much too rapidly for you to keep up. Stay here where you are known. Make terms with your master for wages or share in the crops. If it is necessary, the people about here will probably soon again hear the proclamation from our cannon. Mr. Baron, why don't you gain the good-will of those people and secure their co-operation? They will be worth more to you as freemen, and they *are* free. I give you friendly advice. Accept what you can't help. Adapt yourselves to the new order of things. Any other course will be just as futile as to resolve solemnly that you will have nothing to do with steam, but travel as they did in Abraham's time."

Miss Lou looked at her uncle curiously to see how he would take this advice. His coldness of manner and silence told how utterly lost upon him it was. The general looked at him a moment, and then said gravely, "Mr. Baron, such men as you are the enemies of your section, not such men as I. Good-morning, sir. Good-bye, my child. Heaven bless and protect you!" With a stately bow to Mrs. Whately he departed and was soon on the ridge again with his men.

"I wonder if Abraham and the Patriarchs would have been any more ready for the new order of things than uncle?" Miss Lou thought as she went to find Scoville.

"He down at Aun' Jinkey's cabin. Chunk took he dinner dar," Zany whispered.

"He des step ter de run ter wash he han's en face," said Aun' Jinkey a little later.

Passing some screening shrubbery the girl saw him standing on the spot from which he had been carried insensible by her directions so brief a time before. "Your dinner is ready," she called.

He came to her quickly and said, "I've been trying to realize all that has happened since I fell at your feet yonder."

"Far more has happened to me than to you," she replied. "It seems years since then, I've seen and learned so much."

"I wish to ask you something," he said earnestly. "That scamp, Perkins, fired on me at close range. You stood just over him and I heard what you said. How happened

it that his bullet flew so wide of the mark?"

She began laughing as she asked, "Have you never heard that there was luck in throwing an old shoe? I hit Perkins over the eyes with one of mine."

"Took it off and fired it while he was trying to shoot me?"

"Yes."

He seized both her hands and asked, "What will you take for that shoe?"

"What a Yankee you are to ask such a question! It wasn't a shoe; it was a slipper."

"Have you it on now?"

"Yes. What should you want of it?"

"I want to wear it next my heart. Which one was it? Let me see it."

"No; it's old. I haven't any other, and I shall wear it on my right foot as long as it lasts."

"Please let me see it and take it in my hands just a moment. I may never have a chance to ask another favor of you."

"Oh, yes, you will. You are coming to see us, and the general has asked me to visit his daughter after the war is over. Do you think he'll remember it?"

"The slipper, please."

"How can you ask so absurd a thing?" and a dainty foot was put out a brief instant before him.

"O you little Cinderella! I wish I was the Prince." He saw something like a frown gathering on her face. "Don't look that way," he resumed; "I want to tell you something I've read. I don't remember the words, but the gist is that a woman never forgets a man on whom she has bestowed a great kindness. Already I have twice owed my life to you. You can't forget me. My hope is in what you have done for me, not what I can do for you. I can think of myself lying dead in front of the house. I know I am standing here looking into your true, sweet eyes. Let me look into them a moment, for I have no sister, no mother, no one in the world that I care for like you. Do not think I am making love. I may be dead yet before night. But whether I live or die I want you to remember that there is one human soul that always wishes you well for your *own* sake, that is wholly and unselfishly devoted to your interests and happiness."

"There, I'm beginning to cry, and your

dinner's getting cold. You must stop talking so."

"Give me something to carry into battle this afternoon."

She stooped and gathered some wild violets. "There," she said.

"You could not have chosen better. Whenever I see violets hereafter, they shall be your eyes looking at me as you are looking now."

"And—well—you can remember that there is always a little friend in the South who does care. That's a curious thought about a woman's caring for those she has—I don't believe a woman can care for any one and not try to do something for him. Let us just think of ourselves as friends. It seems to me that I never want to think any other way. Now you *must* get your dinner. You may be summoned hastily and have no other chance to-day. After Uncle Lusthah's words last night I'm not going to have any forebodings."

"Won't you let me call you Miss Lou once before I go?"

"Why not?"

"Well, then, Miss Lou, look in my eyes once more and remember what you see there. I won't say a word."

She raised hers shyly to his, blushed deeply and turned away, shaking her head. The power to divine what she saw was born with her.

"Yes, I understand you," he said, very gently, "but you can't help it, any more than the sun's shining. Some day your heart may be cold and sad, and the memory of what you have just seen may warm and cheer it. Miss Lou, you brave, noble little child-woman, didn't you see that my love was your servant—that it merely gives you power over me? Even as my wife you would be as free as I would be. Now, good-bye. We part here and not before others. Chunk is yonder with my horse. Be just as happy as you can whether we ever meet again or not."

"Then—then—if you don't come again?" she faltered.

"I shall be dead, but don't believe this too hastily."

"You've been kind," she burst out passionately, "you've treated me with respect, as if I had a right to myself. You have saved me from what I dreaded far worse than death.

You shall not go away, perhaps to die, without—without—without—oh, think of me only as a grateful child whose life you've kept from being spoiled."

"I shall not go away without—what?" he asked, eagerly.

"Oh, I don't know. What shall I say? My heart aches as if it would break at the thought of anything happening to you." She dropped on the grass and, burying her face in her hands, sobbed aloud.

He knelt beside her, and sought to take one of her hands.

Suddenly she hid her face against his breast for a moment and faltered, "Love me as a child *now* and leave me."

"You have given me my orders, little girl, and they would be obeyed as far as you could see were I with you every day."

"Lieutenant Scoville!" shouted the distant voice of an orderly. He hastily kissed away the tears in her eyes, exclaiming, "Never doubt my return, if living," and was gone.

In a moment he had passed through the shrubbery. Before she had regained self-control and followed he was speeding his horse toward the ridge. "There he has gone without his dinner," she said, in strong self-reproach, hastening to the cabin. Chunk, who was stuffing a chicken and corn-bread in a haversack, reassured her. "Doan you worry, Miss Lou," he said. "Dis yere chicken gwine ter foller 'im right slam troo eberyting till hit cotch up," and he galloped after his new "boss" in a way to make good his words.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### TWO STORMS.

MISS LOU sunk wearily on the door-step of Aun' Jinkey's cabin, where the reader first made her acquaintance. She drew a long sigh. "Oh, I must rest and get my breath. So much is happening!"

"You po' chile!" was the sympathetic response. "Ah well, honey, de good Lawd watchin' ober you. I year how dat ole snake-in-de-grass Perkins git out Miss Whately's keridge en tink he gwine ter tote you off nobody knows whar. You pas-sin' troo de Red Sea long o' we uns, honey. I yeared how you say you doan wanten lebe yo' ole mammy. I ain' cried so sence I was

a baby w'en I yeared dat. Doan you reckmember, honey? You sot right dar en wish sump'n ter hap'n. I spects we bettah be keerful how 'we wishes fer tings. Doesn't you min' de time Uncle Lusthah pray fer rain en we was all nigh drowned?"

"I'm not sorry, mammy, things happened, for my heart's been warmed, warmed as never before. Oh, it's so sweet to know that one is cared for; it is so sweet to have some one look you in the eyes and say, 'I want you to be happy in your own way.'"

"Did Marse Scoville say dat?"

The girl nodded.

"I'se hab ter smoke on dat ar lil whiles."

Both were lost in thought for a time. Miss Lou's eyes looking dreamily out through the pines and oaks as they had before when vaguely longing that the stagnation of her life might cease. All had become strangely still; not a soldier was in sight; even the birds were quiet in the sultriness of the early afternoon. "Isn't it all a dream?" the girl asked suddenly.

"Kin' ob wish we uns could wake up den, if it is. See yere, Miss Lou, you on'y a lil chile arter all. Doan you see Marse Scoville des tekin' a longer way roun' de bush? W'en he tell you he want you ter be happy he mean he want you hissef!"

"Oh, yes, Aun' Jinkey, that was plain enough; but do you know how he would take me and when?"

"Dat's des w'at I lak ter know, fer I tells you, chile, dis mar'in' business orful serus."

"He would take me only when I went to him of my own free will and not before. I feel just as safe with him as with you. I believe he would do what I asked just as he minds that general of his. That's the wonderful part of it, which almost takes away my breath. Why, only the other day uncle and aunt were ordering me about, as they always have, and now here's a brave, educated man ready to do my bidding. What a goose Cousin Mad was! If he had acted that way I wouldn't know any better, I fear, than to have married him. I was so starved for a little consideration and kindness, that if he'd been generous and made me feel that he cared for me and not for himself all the time, I fear I'd have just married him out of gratitude. I would have acted like an impulsive, ignorant child, blind to everything except that some one cared for

me. But that's all past now. My eyes have been opened and I've been compelled to think and foresee the future. Dreary enough it would have been with him."

"What yer gwine ter do, honey?"

"Stand on my rights. See how much I've learned in a few short days, yes, even hours. I've learned above all things that my life's my own. There were my relatives, who would reach out and take it, just as they would a ripe fig from a tree, with just about as much consideration for me as for the fig. Thank God! I have been shown clearly my right to my own life. Since I have learned so much in a few days, I shall keep my freedom and choose that which is best for me as well as best for others."

"Now honey, you on de right track, sho! Des you wait en lis'n. Mo folks dan Marse Scoville wanten talk wid you on dis mar'age question. You on'y lil chile yit. Des you keep yosef deserved-like en say yo' mouf ain' waterin' fer enybody. Marse Scoville berry nice gem'lin, but he yere to-day en like anuff a orful way yander termorrer—"

"No matter where he is, Aun' Jinkey, he will carry the love I could give to a kind brother if I had one. He knows I can do no more and he does not ask more."

"Yes, he does, honey; he ax hit in de bes way ter git hit fum you. He ain' de fool ter grab at hit, but he tek hit all de same."

"Well," she answered judiciously, "I don't see how a girl can help it if a man thinks more of her than she of him, but it does make all the difference in the world whether a man tries to grab, as you say, or waits respectfully for what should be a free gift, to be worth anything. How strange it seems to be talking quietly of such things! Think of what has happened, what might have happened, and what may take place before night!"

"Well, honey, hit's a good ting ter stop tinkin' or ter tink slow sometimes. We uns couldn't keep a gwine as we was. Our haid's ud whirl right off our shol'ers. Hit's all so peaceful now, why doan you go ter yo' room en tek a nap? Mebbe you git berry lil sleep ter night."

"I reckon your advice is good, mammy. If you have trouble, come to me."

As she walked through the garden and shrubbery to the mansion, she felt that she was reacting from the strong excitements of



the morning into languor and excessive weariness. The idle negroes had partially succumbed to the heat and quiet, and were generally dozing in the sun, even on this eventful day. Perkins, the exacting overseer, had disappeared on the first alarm of Scoville's charge, and had not been seen since. When entering the house Zany, who always seemed on the *qui vive*, told her that her aunts were in their rooms, and that Mr. Baron was in his office. Going out on the veranda, the girl saw two or three vigilant Union videttes under a tree. It was evident that they had chosen a point which commanded a good view of the house, out-buildings and quarters. The ridge was still lined with troops, but they appeared to be scattered about at their ease on the ground. The girl's eyes drooped; she wearily climbed to her room, and was soon asleep.

Many others slept also who would sleep again that night in the stillness of death; others who would groan through coming days and nights in anguished wakefulness. The temporary quiet did not deceive the resting soldiers on either side. They well knew that the active brains of their superiors were at work. Scoville found unexpected duty. He was given a score of men, with orders to scour the roads to the eastward, so that, if best, his general could retire rapidly and in assured safety toward the objective point, where he was to unite with a larger force. Instead of resting, the young man was studying topography, and enjoying the chicken, which at last caught up with him. He knew the importance of his work, and did it thoroughly. Having chosen the road which promised best, he marked it on a map, expecting soon to go over it again as guide. He sighed deeply as he thought that it would lead away from the girl to whom he had devoted his life, yet not because he owed it to her. "If we could only remain together," he thought, "she would learn to give all that I give. The dear little girl is just learning that she is a woman, and is bewildered."

Major Jones, who had been skirmishing to delay the Confederate advance, allowed his men and horses to rest when the enemy paused for their mid-day bivouac, and so had come about a cessation of hostilities, during which both parties took breath for the coming struggle.

Miss Lou was suddenly awakened by a jar which shook the house, followed by a strange, unearthly sound. For an instant she was confused, thinking night had come, so dark was her room. Springing to her window, she threw open the blinds. A black, threatening sky met her gaze, the sunlight was hidden by a dense bank of clouds, above which towered golden-tipped thunder heads. The appearance of the ridge puzzled her. The cannon were there, a puff of smoke rolled heavily from one of them; but excepting a few gunners just about the pieces, the long line of men and horses had largely disappeared. Down the lawn, from a point not far from the house to the main street and beyond, was a line of horsemen, keeping abreast and equi-distant from each other. What did it all mean? Facing the ridge on the left of the lawn was an extensive grove, through which the avenue wound in and out, and the line of horsemen was approaching this. Suddenly the very earth trembled, and she saw smoke pouring upward amongst the trees from a rise of ground within the grove. All now became clear to her. While she had slept the Confederates had come up, taken their position, and the battle was beginning. In strong excitement she rushed down to the hall below, where she found her aunts with pallid, frightened faces. On the veranda was Mr. Baron, looking white indeed, but with firm, compressed lips and fiery eyes, watching the opening conflict.

"Go in," he said sternly, "this is no place for you."

In her intense absorption she did not even hear him. From the edge of the grove and along the avenue were now seen little puffs of smoke, followed by the sharp crack of carbines. The long line of Union skirmishers began to reply in like manner, but it was evident that they found themselves too obvious marks in the open. Here and there men fell from their saddles, and the riderless horses galloped away. The notes of a bugle were heard above the din, and the Union skirmish line retired rapidly to the foot of the ridge.

Miss Lou saw all this only as the eyes catch, half-involuntarily, what is passing before them. With an awe almost overwhelming, her attention was absorbed by a phase of war utterly unknown to her—an artillery



duel. Two Confederate batteries in the grove had opened and defined their positions. The Union guns replied shot for shot, in loud explosions, with answering, deep-toned roar. Above the detonations were heard the piercing screams of the shells as they flew back and forth. On the ridge they burst with a sharp crack and a puff of vapor, with what effect could only be guessed; but the missiles which shrieked into the grove gave the impression of resistless, demoniacal power. Great limbs and even tops of trees fell crashing after them. Blending faintly with the rending sound which followed were screams and yells.

"Well," exclaimed the girl, "if Cousin Mad is there he at least is brave. It seems as if my knees would give way under me."

Even as she spoke a forked line of light burned downward athwart the heavy rising clouds. The smoke of the battle was lurid an instant; then came a peal which dwarfed the thunder of earthly artillery. Strange to say, the sound was reassuring to the girl; it was familiar. "Ah!" she cried, "the voice of heaven is louder than this din, and heaven, after all, is supreme. This fiery battle will soon be quenched, and hot blood cooled."

The voice in the sky was unheeded, for entering the lawn from the road, distant from the mansion about an eighth of a mile, was seen a solid gray column. On it went toward the ridge at a sharp trot. "Ah!" groaned Mr. Baron, "now comes the tug of war."

The girl screamed and moaned as she saw shells tearing their way through this column, horses and men rolling over on the ground, puffs of smoke which rose revealing frightful gaps; but on flowed the dark gray torrent as if impelled by an invisible, resistless force. Vacancies made by wounds and death were closed almost instantly. In the strange, luminous twilight made by the approaching storm, the impetuous advance was wonderfully distinct in the distance, like a vivid silhouette.

As the head of the column drew near the gentle acclivity, it fairly seemed to crumble. Grape-shot was now making havoc; but for every man and horse that fell two apparently came on as from an exhaustless reservoir. High above all sounds now came a yell which, once heard, can never be for-

gotten, and the Confederate column deployed at a gallop, charging the ridge. The Union skirmish line had already retired to the right, while pouring over the ridge by which they had been hitherto concealed came rank after rank of men in blue, their deeper chest shouts blending with the shriller cries of their enemies. Charge was being met with counter charge. Cannon were silent, for now friends and foes were too near together. Even the clouds loomed silently, as if in suspense, over the terrific shock of the two lines of approaching cavalry.

"Awful! awful!" moaned the girl.

"Oh! if Madison is meeting that onset!" shrieked Mrs. Whately, beside herself with horror, yet compelled to look by a terrible fascination.

Just as the two opposing forces dashed together a bolt of lightning gleamed over them, turning the upraised sabers for an instant into swords of fire. The crash of thunder followed so swiftly that it appeared to result from the impact of the two charging lines. An impression of annihilation was given, but so far was it from being realized, that the slope was seen to be alive with a struggling, seething mass, wavering back and forth, at first downward, then stationary, then gradually upward, upward, until Mr. Baron shouted, "Hurrah! our men are carrying the ridge!"

The cry was scarcely uttered before another dark line of horsemen on the far right was seen galloping forward toward the Confederate flank. Again there was another vivid flash, lighting up the scene with a lurid, momentary glare. The peal which followed created the illusion of sounding this new charge or else to be the thunder of the onset. It turned the fortune of the battle on the right, for the Confederates were seen to pause, and finally give back slowly and stubbornly. Then the advancing rainfall began to blot the combatants from view.

Suddenly the Union artillery opened, and it seemed to the terrified spectators on the veranda as if the shells were shrieking directly toward them; but the iron bolts tore their way through the grove, although much nearer the house than before. The reason soon became apparent. On that ridge, and within the gloomy shadows of the trees, were officers as coolly observant as if playing a game of chess. They gave no more heed to

the terrific peals of thunder than they would have done to so many Chinese gongs. While watching the attack upon his center and providing against it, General Marston was also seeking to penetrate, by means of a powerful glass, the mask of the grove, and so detached a concentration on his left. Instantly his guns began to shell the grove near the house, where the assaulting force was massing. His reserves were ordered forward, instructions rapidly given to the colonel who was to repel the attack; meanwhile his field-glass was glued to his eyes.

Soon he cried, "It will be their supreme effort. We must strike a stunning blow in order to get away in safety," and he sprung on his horse and started the charge himself.

The men, adoring their leader, followed with stern resolve and high enthusiasm. Scoville, who had returned, reported and rested somewhat, knowing how critical was the moment. He rode close to the general, but did not fall out when the wary commanding officer permitted the human bolt he had launched to pass beyond him. He was responsible for the entire force, and must do just enough and no more. He must still keep his eyes on all parts of the field and his brain ready to direct when the result of the charge was known. More than the military necessity of repelling the Confederate charge bursting from the grove occupied the mind of Scoville. It looked to him as if the fight would take place about the very home of the girl to whom his heart was so tender, and his impulse was to be near, to protect and defend.

The light was fading fast; the fury of the storm, whose preliminary blasts were shaking the dwelling, was coming as if an ally with the galloping Union reuks and threatening the equally impetuous onset of the Confederates. In the very van of the Southern force a vivid flash of lightning revealed Mad Whately, with a saber of flame. For once he made a heroic figure. His mother saw him and shrieked despairingly, but her voice was lost in the wild uproar of thunder, yells and shouts of the combatants, the shock of steel and crash of firearms. Then torrents of rain, which had approached like a black curtain extending from heaven to earth, hid the awful scene of conflict. It vanished like a dream, and would seem but a nightmare did not the ominous sounds continue.

Mr. Baron broke the spell which had fallen upon him, dragged his sister and niece within the door, and bolted it with difficulty against the spray-laden gusts.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### CHUNK'S QUEST.

If there had been sufficient light the battle might have continued in spite of the tropical downpour, but darkness became so intense that friend and foe were alike disguised from each other. At this crisis Scoville's horse was shot and fell, dragging his rider down also. A flash of lightning revealed this mishap to Mad Whately, who secured the capture of the Union officer before he could extricate himself.

By a sort of mutual consent the contending forces drew apart. Prisoners had been taken on both sides, and Whately, who had badly sprained his arm, unfitting himself for active duty, was given charge of those secured by the Confederates.

General Marston withdrew the Union forces to the ridge again. He was satisfied that prudence required rapid progress toward his somewhat distant destination. True, he had severely checked his foes, but he knew that they had reinforcements near, while he had not. He deeply regretted Scoville's absence and possible death, but he had the map, and the men who had been out with the scout were acquainted with the selected road. Therefore, as soon as the violence of the storm abated and the moon shed a faint radiance through the murky clouds, he renewed his march as rapidly as the rain-soaked ground permitted. Fires were lighted along the ridge to deceive the enemy, and a rear-guard left to keep them burning.

The trembling household within the mansion slowly rallied as the sounds of battle died away. As soon as the fury of the conflict and storm decreased Mr. Baron lighted a candle and they looked into one another's white faces.

Miss Lou was the first to recover some intrepidity of spirit. "Well," she said, "we are still alive, and these torrents are evidently stopping the fighting as they would put out fire."

"O Madison, Madison!" Mrs. Whately moaned, "are *you* living, or are you dead?"

If you are dead it is little to me that I am spared."

Miss Lou did not give very much thought to her cousin. In overpowering solicitude she asked herself, "Where is he whose eyes looked such strange, sweet truth into mine to-day? Are they unseeing, not because it is dark, but because the light of life is quenched?"

The brunt of the storm soon passed and was followed by a drizzling rain and the promise of a gloomy night. As the howling winds ceased their clamor, new blood-curdling sounds smote the girl's ears—the cries of wounded and dying men and horses. Then the ghastly truth, scarcely thought of in the preceding excitement, sickened her heart, for she remembered that, scattered over the lawn and within the grove, were mutilated, bleeding forms. They were all the more vividly presented to her fancy because hidden by the night.

But little time elapsed before the activity of the surgeons began. Mr. Baron was summoned and told that his piazzas and as many rooms as possible must be occupied, and part of the wide hall fitted up with appliances for amputations. Every suitable place in the out-buildings was also required.

Mrs. Baron almost shrieked as she heard this, seeing at one mental glance the dwelling which it had been her ruling passion to maintain in immaculate order becoming blood-stained and muddy from top to bottom.

Mrs. Whately asked only for her son, and he soon appeared, with the excitement of battle still in his eyes. She rushed to his arms and sobbed on his breast.

"Come, mother," he exclaimed, "we've no time for this now. Please get a sling for this left arm, which aches horribly—only a sprain, but right painful all the same."

Before the agitated lady could recover herself, Miss Lou ran to her room and returned with a scarf which answered the purpose.

"Oh, you deign to do something for me?" he said bitterly.

"Come, cousin," she replied, "since I have not lost my senses after what's happened, it's time you regained yours."

"Thank you, my dear," said his mother fervently, as she adjusted the support for the disabled arm. "Yes, I trust that we may all regain our senses, and, if we outlive these scenes, begin to act as if we were sane."

"There, that will do," he said, impatiently. "I must go now, for I have important duties," and he hastened away.

Meantime General Marston had sent word through his picket line that he would not interfere with the care of the wounded, and that the dwelling would not be fired upon if used as a hospital. He accompanied this assurance with the offer of medical stores, coffee, sugar and the services of two surgeons. The Confederate general accepted the offer. The trembling negroes were routed out of their quarters, and compelled more or less reluctantly to help bring in the wounded. Uncle Lusthah showed no hesitancy in the humane work, and soon inspired those over whom he had influence with much of his spirit. It had been a terribly anxious day for him and those about him. Hope had ebbed and flowed alternately until night, when the day which seemed to him the dawning of the millennium ended as he imagined the world might end. Now, however, he was comforted in the performance of good works, and he breathed words of Christian hope into more than one dying ear that night.

Perkins, the overseer, was animated by a very different spirit. At the first alarm of Scoville's return in the morning, he had dashed into the grove and next concealed himself on a distant eminence from which he could watch events. Under the cover of darkness he returned, and experienced grim satisfaction when he discovered the hated Union officer among the prisoners.

As Whately was making his final arrangements for the night, Perkins touched his arm saying, "Leftenant, I'll help watch that Yank thar" (pointing to Scoville). "They say he's ez slip'ry ez a eel."

"Do so, Perkins. We both have a heavy score to settle with him. At daylight I'll send him where he won't fare as well as he did on this plantation."

"Is your arm woun'ed?"

"No, only sprained, but it pains like the devil. Watch that Yank well. I'd rather they all got away than he."

"He'll never get away alive," was the ominous reply.

As was true after the first skirmish recorded in this history, Mrs. Whately now again appeared to the best advantage. Relieved from overwhelming anxiety in regard

to her son, her heart overflowed with pity for the injured. From the outer darkness limp, helpless forms, in blood-stained garments, were borne in. Groans and half-stifled cries began to resound through the house. Even Mrs. Baron forgot all else now but the pressing necessity of relieving pain and saving life, but she had eyes only for those who wore the gray. Mrs. Whately, on the contrary, made no distinction, and many a poor fellow, in blue as well as gray, blessed her as she aided the surgeons, two of whom were from the Union lines. Miss Lou remained chiefly in her own room and busied herself preparing bandages, sparing not her own rather scanty store of underclothing in the task.

Mr. Baron was in the dining-room, dispensing wines and liquors to the officers who were coming and going. The Confederate general had made the wide hearth, on which roared an ample fire, his headquarters for the time, and was turning one side, then the other, toward the blaze, in order to dry his uniform. Poor Aun' Suke had been threatened into renewed activity, and with many colored assistants had begun a stewing, baking and frying which promised to be interminable. Chickens, pigs and cattle had been killed wherever found, for hungry soldiers after a battle and in darkness ask no questions on either side. Mr. Baron knew he was being ruined, but since it was in behalf of his friends he maintained remarkable fortitude, while his wife, with her thin, white set face, honored every requisition.

Some of the negroes, sighing for what seemed vanishing freedom, sought to reach the Union force, but were stopped at the picket line by which General Marston masked his retirement from the field. The majority of the slaves, however, were kept at work in-doors and out, under the eyes of the Confederates, who quickly showed themselves to be savage toward any disposition to shirk orders.

There was one who would have received short shrift if hands could have been laid upon him—Chunk. None knew this better than he, yet he was as fearless as he was shrewd. Scoville had already won from him unlimited devotion—bought him, body and soul, with kindness and freedom. When he found his new master had not returned from the final charge, Chunk questioned one and

another until he learned that Scoville had been seen to go down and then disappear in the gloom. Whether he had been killed or captured no one knew, but Chunk resolved to find out before morning at all risks. Yet in the darkness and rain he felt much confidence in his ability to elude danger, for he knew every inch of the ground and of numerous places for concealment.

He set about his tasks in the most matter-of-fact way, resolving to begin operations with a good supper. At this early stage Aun' Jinkey and her cabin were both forgotten, and the poor old woman was half dead from terror. When Chunk tapped at the one window, she feared the spooks of dead soldiers had already begun their persecutions. Never was there a more welcome and reassuring sound than the impatient voice of her grandson, and she soon so rallied as to get him something to eat.

"I darsn't come in," he said. "I got ter be whar I kin run en hide. Now, granny, lis'n wid all yo' ears. Marse Scoville killed, woun'ed or took. I'se gwine ter fin' out which. W'en dey gits mo' settle down lak anuff dey be lookin' fer me yere, en I kyant come yere no mo', but I kin git ter Miss Lou's winder ef she hab no light in her room. I safest whar dey ain' lookin' fer me. Tell her to put no light sho! Mebbe she hafter hep me git Marse Scoville off, ef he tuk, en ef he woun'ed she de one ter 'tect en keer fer 'im. Dat ar Perkins kill 'im sho, ef he git de chance. Now ef you hears me toot twice like a squinch-owl, you knows dat you got ter go and tell Miss Lou dat I need her hep, en dat I gwine ter creep 'long de pazzar roof ter her winder. Ef I doesn't toot you keeps quiet till you sees me agin," and he disappeared.

"Who'd a thunk dat ar boy had sech a haid!" ejaculated Aun' Jinkey, lighting her pipe. Deep as would now be her solicitude and great as her fears, her grandson's appearance and words had dispelled the spook-phase of her tribulations.

Chunk could run on all fours as easily as in an upright position, and he made his way rapidly through the darkness. His first aim was to get his eye on Perkins and Mad Whately, from whom he felt that he and Scoville had the most to fear. He was now armed with a knife and short club, as well as a revolver, and was determined to use them

rather than be captured. Skulking, creeping and hiding in deep shadow, he at last saw Perkins issuing from his house carrying his lantern. Following, he distinctly observed the brief interview between the overseer and Whately, and guessed correctly that Scoville was among the prisoners. He was soon able so to shift his position as to satisfy himself on this point, and also to note that Perkins, from his movements, would be one of the guard. By the gleams of the lantern Chunk also saw that Scoville appeared to be watching the overseer as if suspecting treachery. "I watch 'im too," the negro soliloquized. "Ef he play eny debil trick he hisself gwine ter de debil sud'n."

Scoville was indeed anxious about his position, for while he believed that Whately was scarcely capable of transcending the usages of war, he knew well that opportunity only limited the malignity of Perkins. He therefore rarely took his eyes from this personal enemy.

For his own sake and that of the guards Perkins aided in building a fire, for in the continued rain all were chilled. As Chunk saw the leaping flames and the lantern so placed that its rays fell on Scoville he was almost in despair of any chance for rescue, but believed that his best course was to watch for some change which promised better. He remembered how Scoville had employed the hootings of the screech-owl as a signal, and resolved by the same means to prepare the prisoner for co-operation with any effort in his behalf. Therefore he hooted softly, and was glad to see from Scoville's alert and wary manner that he had recognized the signal.

So intent was Chunk in watching his master that he did not hear the steps of a bewildered Confederate who stumbled over him and fell headlong with a volley of oaths. The negro employed woeful strategy to mislead the soldier, for he grunted like a pig, thus awakening hopes of more fried pork. The result was immediate pursuit by all within hearing, and Chunk with difficulty escaped by the aid of darkness and his complete familiarity with the place. When at last he found himself secure he panted, "Mout ez well be took fer Chunk ez a hog. Stand des ez good a chance. Won't try dat ar game agin."

He was now sorely puzzled to know what

to do, and his nerves were somewhat shaken by his narrow escape. At last he resolved to send his granny to Miss Lou and consult with the girl. Accordingly, he stole into the shrubbery of the garden and hooted twice, rightly thinking that Scoville could hear the signal also, and believe that something might be attempted in his behalf. Cowering under a bush, he soon observed Aun' Jinkey tottering toward the house, muttering "Good Lawd, hep we uns," as she went.

As the excitement of battle and exultation over the capture of Scoville subsided in Whately's mind he became excessively weary and his exhausted frame suffered from the chill and wetness of the night. He had sought to keep up by liberal potations in his uncle's dining-room, but was resolved to get a night's sleep if possible. He had urgently charged the sergeant of the guard over the prisoners to be vigilant. When Perkins offered to share in this watch, Whately, understanding the vindictive motive, felt that he need give himself no future anxiety. He next sought his mother and obtained a little food which the lady had brought to her room.

"Where is Cousin Lou?" the young man asked.

"She is in her own room, and with Zany's help making bandages. I would advise you not to see her again to-night. You are greatly wearied."

"Little wonder, after riding nearly all last night, and the fighting to-day."

"Yes, I know, and have thought of all nearly every moment. I am only too thankful that you have survived. You have gone to the limit of human endurance, and must sleep. The less you and Louise say to each other for a short time the better. After you have both grown calmer, and have had a chance to think, you will see things in a different light."

"Mother, do you think I mean to be thwarted by that girl? I would marry her now from pure pride—for the sake of humbling her, and teaching her that she made the mistake of her life in so crossing my will, and in subjecting me to the mortification I endured this morning."

"Madison, actuated by such motives you'll never win her! If you will closely follow my advice, I believe you can succeed. I must tell you plainly that if you join with brother and his wife in their tactics,



it will always end much as it did this morning."

"Well, anyhow I have that cursed Yankee cub that she went walking with in my power."

"What! Lieutenant Scoville?"

"Yes; he's a prisoner, and Perkins is helping watch him."

"Then I implore you not to let Louise know it. She saw that this Scoville might have killed you. She is merely friendly toward him because, instead of treating us rudely, as she was led to believe he would, he was very polite and considerate when we were in his power. That wretch Perkins tried to shoot him to-day, and probably would have succeeded but for Louise," and she narrated the circumstance.

Her son frowned only the darker from jealousy and anger.

"O Madison! why won't you see things as they are?" his mother resumed. "If you had treated this Yankee officer with kindness, and thanked him for his leniency toward us, you would have taken a long step in her favor. If you were trying to make her hate you, how could you set about it more skillfully?"

"Mother," he replied doggedly, "if Lou had married me, even if she had yielded reluctantly, I would have been her slave; but she has defied me, humiliated, and scoffed at me, and I shall never whine and fawn for her favor again. I don't believe it would be of any use. If I should change my tactics, she would only despise and laugh at me. What's more, my very nature revolts at such a change. I can't and won't make it. She shall learn to fear me. Women marry for fear as well as love. This Scoville gives me a chance to teach her the first lesson. He shall be sent by daylight to a Southern prison, and that will be the last of him. Lou shall learn, as all will find out, that it's poor policy to thwart me. That major who interfered so impudently in our affairs is dead."

"O Madison!"

"You needn't look so. I had nothing to do with it. There were plenty of Yankee bullets flying to-day. All I mean to say is that it will prove serious for any one to cross my path. Fate is on the side of a man who *will* have his own way, and Lou will discover this fact sooner or later."

Poor Mrs. Whately was compelled to rate these vaporings at their true worth, seeing that between wine, anger, and long-indulged arrogance he was in a melodramatic mood, and beyond reason; so she only said, soothingly, "Please never let Louise know that I was aware of Scoville's captivity. After you have rested and have had time to think you will see things differently. I warn you, however, against Perkins," she added, solemnly. "If you identify yourself with him in any way, you may involve yourself and all of us in ruin. Now come, I will make a bed for you at the end of the hall near my room, and you had better sleep while you can."

He readily acquiesced, for even his lurid schemes for the future could keep him awake no longer. In a few moments he was sleeping soundly on a mattress, wrapped in a blanket. His uniform was hung on the back of a chair near him to dry.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A BOLD SCHEME.

AUN' JINKEY gained Miss Lou's room in safety, but panting so from fright and exhaustion as to be for a few moments utterly incapable of speech. The girl divined that something serious was to be told. To her questioning look the old mammy nodded, glancing meantime at Zany as much as to say, "We should be alone." This quick-witted negress, consumed with curiosity about Chunk, and some deeper interest, resolved not to be sent away.

"Why you look dat away at Miss Lou, Aun' Jinkey?" Zany asked indignantly. "Time you knowed dat Miss Lou trus' me, en I ain' doin' not'n ter loss dat trus'. She know bettah'n you dat ef dars enyting ter be done I de one ter he'p."

"We can trust Zany," whispered Miss Lou, who had become very pale. "You have some news about Lieutenant Scoville?"

"Well, on'y dis, honey, Chunk lookin' fer 'im. Marse Scoville didn't come back fum dat las' fight, he say, en he say ter me dat ef he toot twicet lak a squinch-owl dat mean I go ter you, fer he need yo' he'p. He des done tooted," and Aun' Jinkey repeated all of her grandson's words as far as she could remember them.

Miss Lou thought a few moments and her face grew very resolute. "Aun' Jinkey," she said, "tell Chunk I will do as he wishes, but he must act carefully and not too hastily. Cousin Mad is already asleep. One after another will follow his example and fewer will be around by and by. We must take no risks that can be helped. The fact that he wishes to see me in this secret way is pretty good proof that the lieutenant is a prisoner. If he were wounded or—or"—but a rush of tears suggested the word she could not utter. "You had better go now, and let no one frighten you into telling anything. Appeal to me if threatened."

As the old woman was stealing out she met Mrs. Baron, who asked sharply, "What do you want?"

"Does you tink I doan wanter know dat chile is safe?"

"If you wish to be safe yourself, see to it you have nothing more to do with that grandson of yours. He has sinned away *his* day of grace, and no mercy will be shown to those who have anything more to do with him."

"I years you, missus," said Aun' Jinkey, stolidly continuing on her way.

Miss Lou, who had followed her mammy to the head of the stairs, heard this warning and returned to her room with a stern look. She deemed it best to say nothing and give the impression that she could not endure the sights and sounds below stairs.

Mrs. Whately entered soon afterward and did her best to propitiate her niece. Miss Lou pretended to be very weary and was glad to see that her aunt actually was so. At last the matron said, "Well, I'll go down once more and see if there is anything which I must attend to; then I shall try to rest a little while Madison is sleeping. Such experiences as we've had wear one out fast. I advise you too, my dear, to sleep when you can."

"Yes, aunt, I suppose you are right. So much may happen to-morrow."

Mrs. Whately soon retired, and Miss Lou, listening at her door a moment, knew that she was sleeping. Then she returned to her own room, blew out her candle, opened the window softly and waited for Chunk. "Zany," she said, "sit in the dark there, and do not speak or let Chunk know you are here, unless permitted."

Along the most secluded end of the house the piazza had not been built, a small lean-to extension taking its place. An apartment was thus formed which could be entered from without as well as from within the dwelling, and here Mr. Baron maintained what was at once a business office and a study. This extension was but one story high, with a roof which sloped to rising ground beyond. Chunk knew that he could easily gain this roof, and from it that of the front piazza also. When returning through the garden Aun' Jinkey had whispered to him not to make the attempt to see Miss Lou until her light was extinguished. Then she added the words that Mrs. Baron had just spoken to her and hastened tremblingly to her own chimney-corner. Chunk made a wide circle, approaching the house again at an angle which would give him a view of Miss Lou's window, and watching till it darkened. From the garden he had carried a small, light ladder which he had used when pruning fruit-trees. He stole near the extension warily, the shrubbery growing in that vicinity favoring his effort, and the heavy pall of clouds obscuring almost entirely the mild radiance of the moon.

Satisfied by a careful reconnoissance that no one was watching or stirring at that end of the house, with the stealth and agility of a cat he went from roof to roof and crawled to Miss Lou's window.

"Chunk," she whispered.

"Dat's me, mistis."

"You're a good, brave fellow. Now tell me quick—don't waste a word—where is Lieutenant Scoville?"

"He's wid de pris'ners, en Perkins en sogers watchin' 'im."

"Why is Perkins watching him?" the girl asked in deep alarm.

"Dunno, Miss Lou, 'cept on 'count ob he grudge. Mad Whately an' he talk knowin'-like en den Perkins tek he lantern en jine de gyard. W'en I las' see 'im he watchin' Marse Scoville close."

"Lieutenant Scoville wasn't hurt, was he?"

"Reck'n not. Didn't 'pear dat away, but he look at Perkins ez ef he feared on 'im. Ef I had ony Perkins ter deal wid I gib Marse Scoville he freedom in pay fer mine, but dar's sogers all aroun', en dey stick me quick ez dey would a pig."

"O Chunk! what shall we do? I could have no influence over the guard or Perkins either. Oh! *oh!* Mad Whately, you'll end by making me loathe you. To think of employing that treacherous wretch!"

"Dat's des w'at I feard on, Miss Lou. Reck'n yo' cousin en Perkins projeckin' some debil trick."

"You say my cousin has charge of the prisoners?"

"Yassum. I yeard 'im gib de orders 'bout um, but I too fur off ter year w'at he say."

"Can you think of any way, Chunk?"

"Ef de gyard ony all get ter sleep, I'd tek de risk ob tacklin' Perkins, but dere's too many, en I des stumped ter know w'at ter do."

"Hi! Miss Lou," whispered listening Zany, "I kin tell you w'at ter do."

"Doan you pay no 'tention ter her foolishness," said Chunk coolly. "Dis life-en-death business, en Zany outgrewed her sense."

"En you ain' growed into your'n," responded Zany. "Ef you has, why doan you tell Miss Lou 'bout tings dat kin be done 'stead o' tings dat kyant be?"

"Well, Zany, what have you to say? Quick, and speak lower."

"Miss Lou, dar's Mad Whately's coat en pants hangin' out in de hall. You put dem on, en tie yo' arm up in a sling. In de night who say you ain' Marse Whately?"

"O Zany!" exclaimed the girl, appalled at first by the boldness of the scheme.

"Well, dar now," whispered Chunk, "who'd tink dat ar gyurl got so much gumption! See yere, Miss Lou, dat de way ef you got de spunk ter do it. Ole Perkins tink you Mad Whately comin' ter play de debil trick en let you tek Marse Scoville way quietly, en de gyard won' 'fere wid you nudder, kase dey un'er yo' cousin. You kin go en lead Marse Scoville right off, en if Perkins follow I settle 'im."

"Do you think there's no other way?" Miss Lou asked, with quick, agitated breathing.

"Fo' de Lawd I doesn't."

"I don't know what they would do to me in the morning. I'd be sent away. Oh, you can't realize the risk I would take."

"Speets not, mistis. I ony know Marse Scoville tek mo' resk fer you ef he could."

Chunk had touched the right chord now.

She set her white face like flint in the darkness, and said, "I'll make the attempt no matter what happens to me."

"Den I des sneak out en he get he coat en trousers," Zany whispered.

"Yes."

"En, Miss Lou, you des come out de house dis away wid me en Zany," Chunk added. "Less chainece er bein' stopped. We kin go troo de gyardin en de bushes till we mos' whar we kin see Marse Scoville. Mebbe hit berry much plainer w'at ter do arter we get out en look roun'. I hab a ladder yere en you git down mighty easy."

"Yes, that's the best way. I wish to take no risks of being seen till after I make my attempt."

Zany reconnoitered the hall. No one was in sight. Even Mrs. Baron, wearied out, had retired, and Mr. Baron had resolved to spend the night in the dining-room, partly out of courtesy to the Confederate general and partly to be ready for any emergency. In the hall and on the front and rear piazzas were alert sentinels who would have observed and reported any unusual proceeding, —therefore Chunk's plan was the only feasible one. In the darkness Zany helped Miss Lou don her cousin's uniform and slouched hat which, limp from the rain, fell over her face. She was not so very much shorter than he as to make the fit a bad one when seen in the partial light. The trousers had to be turned up, but that would be expected on account of the mud. Her plumpness filled out the coat very comfortably, and her arm in a sling made the disguise almost perfect.

While Miss Lou was dressing Chunk again reconnoitered and reported the coast clear. It was now about midnight and all were sleeping except those whom imperative duty or pain kept awake. Chunk led the way, steadying Miss Lou with a firm hand, and Zany followed.

"Now, Miss Lou," Chunk whispered, "I tek you de s'curest way, so you git back en' nobody see you ef I git cotched."

They made a circuit to avoid the kitchen and climbed over a low fence into the garden. On the farther side, opening on the driveway to the stables, was a gate. Before reaching this, Miss Lou said to Zany, "You stay here. If there's an alarm, go to the kitchen. You must not be known to have

had anything to do with this affair. It might cost you your life."

"Ve'y well, Miss Lou."

The young girl and her guide paused at the gate some moments, for attendants upon the wounded, with whom the out-buildings were filled, were passing to and fro. At last they stole across the roadway to the shelter of a clump of trees beyond. From this point they could see the group of prisoners about the fire, which was in a rather dying condition. It was evident that some of the guards had succumbed to weariness, but Perkins still watched with the tirelessness of hate, his lantern so placed that its rays fell on Scoville, who could not make a movement without being observed. Indeed, it was clear that he, too, was almost overcome with sleep, for he occasionally nodded and swayed before the fire.

"Now, Miss Lou," whispered Chunk, "I gwine ter wake Marse Scoville up by tootin' lak a squinch-owl," and he did so briefly.

The Union officer was much too wary to start and look around, but he gradually proved that he was alert. Close scrutiny of Perkins showed that the signal had no significance to him.

"Miss Lou," resumed Chunk, "dere's not'n fer you but ter walk right down de road ter de fire, berry quiet like, put yo' finger on yo' lips ter Perkins, so he tink you 'bout ter play de debil trick, en' den lead Marse Scoville into de gyardin. Ef Perkins foller, I foller 'im. My hoss down by de run, en we git off dat away."

The girl drew a long breath, and started. Now that she was in the crisis of the emergency, a certain innate spirit and courage sustained her. Knowing her cousin so well, she could assume his very gait and manner, while her arm, carried in a sling, perfected a disguise which only broad light would have rendered useless. Her visit caused no surprise to the sergeant of the guard, on whom at first she kept her eyes. He merely saluted, and thought Lieutenant Whately was attentive to his duty. Perkins was not surprised either, yet a little perplexed. As it had been supposed and hoped, the thought rose instantly in his revengeful nature that the Confederate officer had some design on Scoville. The latter watched the form recognized by the others as that of Whately

with the closest scrutiny, and an immense throb of hope stirred his heart. Could it be possible?

Miss Lou looked over the sleeping prisoners for a moment, and then, as if satisfied, stepped quite near to Perkins, guarding, meantime, not to permit the rays of the lamp to fall on her face. "Leave him to me," she whispered, with a nod toward Scoville, and she put her finger to her lips. She next touched Scoville on the shoulder, and simply said, "Come."

He rose as if reluctantly, and followed.

Perkins did not suspect the ruse, the disguise was so good, and Whately's right to appear so unquestioned; but he felt defrauded in having no part in the vengeance which he supposed would be wreaked on Scoville. After a moment or two of thought, he obeyed the impulse to follow, hoping to see what Whately intended to do, and if circumstances warranted, to be near to help. "If Mad Whately's high-strung notions lead 'im to fight a duel," he thought, "en the Yank comes off best, I'll settle my own score. Whately was ter'ble stirred up 'bout the Yank's talkin' ter his cousin, en would like ter kill 'im, but his officer-notions won't let 'im kill the blue-coated cuss ez I would. Ef thar's ter be a fight, I won't be fur off," and he stole after the two figures disappearing in the gloom.

But Nemesis was on his steps. Chunk had shaken with silent laughter as he saw that their scheme was working well, but he never took his eyes from Perkins. Crouching, crawling, he closed on the overseer's track, and when the man passed into the garden, the negro followed.

As Scoville accompanied Miss Lou, he soon ventured to breathe her name in a tentative way. "Hush!" she whispered. Then his heart beat thick with overpowering emotions of gratitude, admiration and love. Entering the garden, she led the way quickly toward Aun' Jinkey's cabin, and at a point where the shrubbery was thickest about the path turned suddenly, put her finger on his lips and breathed "Listen."

They distinctly heard steps following, and drew back into the bushes. Then came the thud of a blow and the heavy fall of a man. The blow was so severe that not even a groan followed, and for a moment all was still. Then Chunk, like a shadow, glided forward,

and would have passed had not Miss Lou whispered his name.

"Foller me," he answered, breathlessly.

This they did, but Scoville secured the girl's hand and carried it to his lips. The negro led the way beyond the garden to the run, where he had left his horse. "Lis'n onct mo'," he said. "Dat was Perkins I laid out."

All was still. "Chunk," said Scoville, "go back on your tracks a little, and see if there are any signs of alarm."

Obedience was very prompt, for Chunk muttered as he ran, "My heart des bustin' 'bout Zany. Got ter lebe her now, sho! Ter thunk ob her showin' so much gump-tion!"

Scoville again took Miss Lou's hands. "Oh, hasten, hasten," she said, breathlessly, "you are in great danger here."

"I can scarcely speak to you," he replied, "my heart is so full. You brave, noble little girl! How have you accomplished this?"

Incoherently she told him, and again urged, "Oh, *do* go at once, for my sake as well as yours, or all may be in vain. I can't breathe until I've put back my cousin's uniform."

Now that the supreme crisis of danger had apparently passed for the moment she was trembling violently in nervous reaction, and could speak only in little gasps. Every instant a deeper appreciation of the immense effort she had made in his behalf overwhelmed Scoville, and for a moment he lost all self-control. Snatching her to his breast, he whispered, "O you little hero, you little saint, I wish I could shield you with my life. I don't believe you half realize what you have done for me, bravest, truest, sweetest—"

"Oh, hush," she pleaded, extricating herself from his arms. "Go, *please* go at once, for my sake."

"Yes, my dear girl, I must go soon, more for your sake than mine. With this horse and this start I am safe. Oh, it's terribly hard to leave you." Then he hooted low to recall Chunk. "Don't tremble so. After all, it's best to wait a few moments to make sure there is no pursuit. Thank God, after what you have done for me to-night you will never forget me, you will always care for me. Again I see as never before how true it

is that a woman cares most for him whom most she has tried to help. You have risked much for me; I give all to you. Only death can keep me from seeking you and living for you always. Remember, I ask nothing which your own heart does not prompt, but you can not help my giving undying loyalty. See, I just kneel to you in homage and gratitude. There never was such a gem of a girl."

Chunk now appeared, recalled from a more affectionate parting than Zany had ever vouchsafed before, and he began to unhitch the horse.

"Chunk must go back with you," Scoville began.

"Oh, no," she whispered, "I can not breathe till you both are well away. Chunk would be killed instantly—"

"No matter; he has become a soldier like myself, and must take all risks. I will not leave this spot—I will go with you myself, rather than leave you here."

"Why, ob co'se I 'spects ter go back wid you, Miss Lou. You tink I gwine ter lebe you yere en dat ladder dar ter tell de hull business? Come wid me."

"Well, then, good-bye, and God keep you, Lieutenant. I shall hope to see you again."

"To see you again will be my dearest hope. Dear, dear little Lou! how brave you've been! You've won a soldier's whole heart forever. How can I say good-bye? You can't dream how dear you have become to me. Please, one kiss before we separate."

Yielding to an impulse then not understood she put her arm swiftly about his neck, kissed him, and turned so rapidly toward her home that Chunk could scarcely keep pace with her.

They reached the ladder unobserved, and from the roof of the extension the way to Miss Lou's room was easy. Chunk went to a point from which he could watch the girl enter her apartment. Putting the ladder back into the garden he rejoined Scoville, and together they made their way in the direction of the retiring Union column. Scoville never wearied in questioning his attendant about every minutia of Miss Lou's action, while conjectures as to her experiences often robbed him of sleep. Never was a man more completely won and held in love's sweet thralldom.



On regaining her room, Miss Lou hastily threw off her cousin's clothes and resumed her own apparel. Then she softly and cautiously opened her door. With the exception of sounds in the lower hall all was still, and she slipped out in her stocking-feet, replaced the uniform on the chairs, stole back, and bolted her door. For half an hour she sat panting on her chair, listening to every sound. Only the groans of the wounded smote her ears. "Oh, thank God! I do not hear *his* voice among them," she half sobbed, in pity for those who *were* suffering. "Well, I can best forget my anxiety about him by doing something for these poor men. Oh, how strange and true his words are! He touched my heart at first by just being helpless when he fell by the run, and everything I do for him seems to make him dearer. It can not be that I shall never see him again. Oh, when shall I forget the way he took me in his arms? It seemed as if he gave me his whole heart then, and couldn't help himself."

There was a near mutter of thunder. In her deep pre-occupation she had not noticed

the coming of another shower. It proved a short but heavy one, and she exulted. "The rain will obliterate all our tracks."

Calmer thought led to the conclusion that the affair would be very serious for her if her part in it was discovered. She had acted almost without thought, without realizing the risks she had incurred, and now the possible consequences so appalled her that she resolved to be on her guard in every possible way. "He knew, he understood the risk I took better than I did then, better than I do now, perhaps," she breathed softly. "That's so fine in him—that way he has of making me feel that one's *worth* being cared for." She was far too excited and anxious to sleep. Wrapping herself up, she watched at her window. Soon the stars began to twinkle beneath the clouds in the west, showing that this last shower was a clearing one, and that the radiance of the moon might soon be undimmed. The fires along the ridge, which, as she believed, still defined the Union position, were burning low. Suddenly flashes and reports of firearms in that direction startled her.

(*To be continued.*)

## HEAVEN AND HELL.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WHILE forced to dwell apart from thy dear face,  
 Love, linked with Sorrow, led me by the hand,  
 And taught my doubting heart to understand  
 That which has puzzled all the human race.  
 Full many a sage has questioned where in space  
 Those counter worlds are, where the mystic strand  
 That separates them. I have found each land,  
 And hell is vast, and heaven a narrow place.  
 In the small compass of thy clasping arms,  
 In reach and sight of thy dear lips and eyes,  
 There, there, for me, the joy of heaven lies.  
 Outside—lo! chaos, terrors, wild alarms,  
 And all the desolation fierce and fell  
 Of void and aching nothingness make hell.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A LION TAMER.

BY W. J. ROUSE.

"YES, it's a fact and I'm sorry for it. Lion tamers and lion taming as a business have fallen out of vogue of late years, and now there's nothing left for us to do but 'tend the animals, punch 'em with a pitchfork when they won't behave, and do all sorts of common work about the circus, for mere laborer's pay, though we risk our lives every hour. Time was when I was king of 'em all in the show and was looked up to by every one, but nowadays I, like the clown, have been relegated to a back seat, and I guess I'll never regain the prominence my craft has lost."

I had known the speaker—"Billy" we always called him—for a long time, and had often seen him performing his den of ferocious lions and tigers in the good old times of which he spoke. He had been one of the best and most daring the world ever knew in his line, but now, as he mournfully expresses it, he has been forced to take a back seat and give way to later novelties and new acts of skill or daring, which have been demanded by the public in recent years. Billy was a farmer lad before the war and was a native of the Buckeye State. Few of his companions in the company knew anything of his history, and although I knew him well, I never heard his story until the time of which I write.

William H. Winner—that was the way he signed his name—has been known the world over as the most famous lion tamer who ever lived. For more than a score of years he had been in daily contact with ferocious tigers, leopards, lions, jaguars, pumas and hyenas. His flesh had been torn from him in shreds time and again. A blow from a lion's paw had taken a piece out of his skull as large as the palm of his hand. A snap from the scissor-like jaws of a spotted hyena had left but two fingers and a thumb on his right hand. A puma's cruel fangs had taken off all but the end of his nose, disfiguring him for life by leaving what he calls "only a leetle nubbin" where his nose ought to be. The teeth of a panther had met through his neck while the terrible

claws of the beast had torn the flesh from his thighs and sides in strips. The public once demanded that lion tamers should put their heads in the mouth of the king of beasts. Billy had done that, too, and had been twice bitten through the face and head and had had a large portion of his jaw bone bitten away. A wild-cat had leaped upon him from behind and fastened its fangs in his shoulder while its mate crunched the bones in his leg. An elephant had stepped upon his body while passing over him in a circus ring, and crushed in his ribs as if they had been made of glass. His body bore the marks of more than forty terrible wounds, yet he lives today, to all intents and purposes a well man. Is there another such man living? Has such an experience as his fallen to the lot of any one except himself, since the world began?

At the time of which I write, Mr. Winner, as I shall call him for politeness' sake, was connected with the Barnum & Bailey Show, and was showing under canvas, not a hundred miles from the metropolis. He was seated on a camp stool in front of one of the cages over which he had charge and had just met with an adventure which would have quailed the heart of a less courageous man. The oil lamps cast a weird, yellow light throughout the great menagerie tent and formed fantastic shadows beneath the cages in which were sleeping the great cats which were Mr. Winner's special care. The crowd of spectators had hurried through the menagerie to the great circus tent, and had been clapping their hands and yelling themselves hoarse for more than an hour at the feats of skill and daring they witnessed there. His day's work done, Mr. Winner had seated himself on the camp stool, as had been his custom for years, to think over his personal matters and of his old mother, who, in her little home out in Ohio, wondered where her boy was and what he was doing. On his knee rested a thumb-stained and time-discolored photograph. It was the likeness of his mother. How often he had looked at it. How he longed to see that dear old face of

the best friend he ever had on earth. For the fearless lion tamer has a heart as tender as a babe's upon the subject of his mother.

It must have been one of his dark days, as he calls them, for he had not taken the precaution to place his stool, as was his custom, out against the stakes which formed a railing around the cages. He had thoughtlessly placed it within four feet or less of the den in which were sleeping four full grown Bengal tigers. All was quiet in that great tent, save now and then the dissatisfied growl of a hungry lion in a distant cage or the whinnying of a black bear, as he swayed to and fro in his narrow quarters. My hero, resting his chin upon his hand unfolded a much worn letter and spread it beside the picture of her whom he so loved. He read the letter carefully and then replaced it in his pocket. Was there a glistening tear in his bright eye, as he cast a hasty glance around the tent to see if he was observed? Was there a tremor upon his lip, as he muttered something to himself while gazing for the last time at that face? Strong men have their weak points and he had his. For fully half an hour he sat as motionless as a statue, paying no heed to aught that passed around him, but thinking of the happy years that had gone by. Then his head slowly sank toward his knee, his uniform cap which had been held in one hand dropped to the ground, and his heavy breathing told that the lion tamer slept. But in what a place!

A great head was slowly uplifted from the straw and shavings with which the bottom of the tigers' den was strewn. A pair of glaring eyeballs were revealed, and the short, stumpy ears moved rapidly backward and forward and then were pressed close to the head. A long, wiry tail began to move slowly and nervously from side to side, increasing in force as the movement progressed. A spasmodic twitching and snapping of the monster's jaws, inaudible of course, revealed a set of fangs capable of crushing the life out of a human being in an instant. The long, supple body of the great brute was pressed close to the floor of the den as if its owner were conscious of the treachery he intended, and wished to conceal himself. The tawny hair upon his back bristled, and the wriggling motion of the body showed only too plainly that a tragedy was brewing. While all this was taking

place, the merry-makers in the circus tent were receiving the plaudits of the admiring thousands who were assembled there. The music was wafted through the entrance of the menagerie tent in delightful strains, and the cheers of the people were almost continuous. Still the lion tamer slept. Did he dream of home and of that mother whose face he had just seen? His thoughts were pleasant, for there was a happy smile upon his face as he slept.

The crouching form in the cage had now been pressed even closer to the floor. Only the fiery eyes and the gleaming teeth of the monster were visible. Suddenly there was a slight rustling of the straw and a monstrous paw, soft as velvet, protruded from between the iron bars of the prison. A tawny limb, upon which the powerful muscles stood out in knots, slowly followed. Its progress was painfully slow. Now and then there was a flash of those terrible white claws as they were unsheathed through the nervous action of the tiger. The great paw slowly but surely decreased the distance between it and the head of the sleeping man. Would no help come? Was he a doomed man?

"Drop, Billy! Quick, for God's sake!" screamed a fellow-keeper who, just in the nick of time, had turned his head in the direction of the lion tamer. Force of habit, perhaps, or intuition of danger caused instant obedience. The sleeping man dropped off his stool as if he were shot. Quick though the act had been, the great cat had been quicker. There was a lightning-like stroke of that giant paw, a savage growl and a spurt of red blood, as the lion tamer rolled to the ground. But his life had been saved even though it were by a hair's breadth.

It was shortly after this occurrence that the remark introducing Mr. Winner, was made. He had escaped with only a scratch, and passed it off as an every-day occurrence. I had asked him how it happened. He told me. His fit of "the blues" still having full possession of his mind, he uttered the words as I have given them.

"I wonder how I'll end up?" he continued as he resumed his seat after attending to the tiger with a club. "Seems to be my luck to get knocked out about once a year, of late, but I guess I wasn't born to be killed by wild animals, after all. Looks suspicious don't it?" and as he spoke he made a circu-

lar motion round his neck with his hand and ended with an upward jerk and a sharp click, in imitation of a broken bone.

"Tell you some of my adventures with the varmints? Well, how shall I begin? Take my war map, as I call all these scars, for a sort of a programme and tell you about 'em all? Why, it would fill up your magazine and people wouldn't bother to read it. What do the people care for the story of an old lion tamer?"

"That terrible hole in your head, where the skull was broken in," I suggested.

"Well, that was rather a nasty scrape, I'll admit. That was done right in the city of New York in Barnum's Museum when it was in what was known as the Chinese Assembly Building in Broadway. I first went there in the winter of 1866 and was given charge of a den containing an Asiatic lion, an African lion, a Brazilian leopard, and an African tiger. The lion and tiger from Africa didn't seem to agree very well, although the den was called "The Happy Family." Fierce fights were of almost daily occurrence. Well, one afternoon they commenced to fight and we drove them apart with pitchforks. They went at it again and again we separated them. In the evening there was a big crowd of people in the museum and they thought they would show off a little and fight for the amusement of the spectators. At it they went, and it was the most desperate fight I ever saw or ever want to. Their growls and roars frightened the women and children and almost made a panic. I was asked by the superintendent to go into the cage and club them apart. I have a very distinct recollection that I did so. I opened the door and jumped in with the combatants and was at them with the club before they knew what was up. Now, maybe you don't know it, but it's a fact,—that if you hit any cat animal on the bridge of the nose they can't do anything to you, until they have sneezed. I don't know why, but it is a physical fact. Well, hit a lion on the nose and he'll shake his head and sneeze. While he's doing that hit him again on the nose and you'll knock him senseless for a minute. There was some pretty lively sneezing in there after I got warmed up to the job, I tell you. I separated the animals, closed the swing doors in the middle of the cage to keep them apart and retreated to the apart-

ment in the cage occupied by the other lion and the leopard. They were always docile enough but they were ruffled about the fight I guess, for just as I was backing out through the door I saw more stars than there are in all the books on astronomy put together. I didn't know for two months after that what the meteoric shower was, but I have been told that I was knocked about twenty feet outside the guard ropes, by that Asiatic lion. They carried me over to a drug store at Prince street and Broadway where a doctor took out several pieces of bone and sent me to Bellevue Hospital to be laid out, as he said I would be dead in a couple of hours. Six months later I was back again, working with the animals. In 1874, while in St. Louis, I had an operation performed by Drs. Drake and McDowell, who trepanned the wound and removed another piece of bone. It hasn't ever troubled me since."

I could scarcely believe my eyes. Such a wound I had never seen upon a living man before. A deep indentation, covered only by the scalp through which the pulsations of the brain could be plainly felt! The lion tamer remained for several seasons in the employ of the museum, traveling during the summer season with the Van Amburgh Circus throughout the West. In the winter of 1867 the great fire in Barnum's Museum occurred. Mr. Winner's adventure with the Brazilian leopard, that night, a partial account of which appeared in the New York newspapers at the time is interesting:

"I did something that night that never was done before and never will be done again. I carried a leopard weighing nearly three hundred pounds, out of that burning building, across the street to a restaurant where he got away from me, cleared out the house of all its occupants and was recaptured by myself and Charles Hazleton, a well-known New York journalist at present connected with the *Illustrated News*. The leopard was my pet. I didn't want him to burn and I knew if I turned him loose he'd kill a dozen people. I also knew that it would be foolhardy to attempt to lead him with a chain in his frightened condition, so I determined to carry him. I went into his cage, picked him up bodily, and started out with him. The poor beast was so frightened that he clung to me like a baby, only he was so

strong that he almost hugged the breath out of me. I spoke to him at every step and caressed him with my face, rubbing it against his, until I had reached a point in the middle of the street opposite the burning building. There Charlie Hazleton met me. He is as brave a man as I ever knew and volunteered at once to carry the hindquarters of Mr. Leopard if I would attend to his head. But Charlie was so excited that he had little if any sense left, so, instead of getting a good grip on his one hundred and fifty pound end of the job, he took him by the tail with one hand. Of course there was trouble. The leopard was badly scared and fought hard to get away. He bit me a dozen times and caught Charlie once or twice pretty hard, but he held on. He had more nerve than all the reporters I ever saw, put together. Finally we got him fast again and started on. We entered the restaurant door and there Charlie's carelessness caused him to fall over something. Down he went, pulling the leopard on top of him and I followed suit. The people in the restaurant had other engagements just about then and the leopard had it all his own way. He upset all the tables, chairs and glassware in sight and was as crazy as a loon. He came around toward me and I landed a blow on his nose with the leg of a table that floored him. Then Charlie and I caught him in our arms and carried him down cellar where we put him into a dry goods box that had served as a coal bin, and we had him fast. That wasn't anything to speak of, but it was rather a lively adventure.

"How did I lose half of my right hand? Oh, that was eaten by a hyena, in the Zoological Gardens at St. Louis in 1877. I was overseer of the gardens at the time and it was in saving the life of a hyena that I lost that hand. The superintendent, Mr. Kalb, purchased a striped hyena, full grown and as vicious as Old Nick himself, and directed me to put him in the same cage with four spotted hyenas. I called his attention to the difference in the species and told him that the spotted devils would make a meal off their striped brother. The order was peremptory, however, and in he went. Oh! talk about fights! It was touch and go with them. The whole lot of them pounced upon the newcomer and proceeded to eat him without the formality of killing him. Then Mr. Kalb

kindly suggested that I had better go in and get the new brute out. See this hand? Well, I went in and came out with what's left of it. I fought the brutes apart with a pitchfork and got the new hyena into a separate part of the cage and he expressed his gratitude by snapping off half my hand and swallowing it before my very eyes. Ugh! Hyenas are the meanest varmints on earth. I'd like to take this club and go into that cage over there and beat the life out of every one of the snarling brutes."

"Here's a little hole in the side of my face," he continued, his memory evidently refreshed by what he had already said. "I got that in a way that I wouldn't like repeated. It used to be the correct thing, in the days when lion tamers performed their pets in the circus, for the trainer to close his act by putting his head in the mouth of the biggest lion in the den. I got that scar in Streator, Ill., when I was with the Van Amburg show in 1870. I had all but finished my act and had my head in big Nero's mouth, when some one hit him with a paper wad in the eye. Quick as a flash his jaws closed and I was bitten clear through the face. He dropped me instantly and was evidently sorry for what he had done, for I never would believe that he did it intentionally. I was laid up for three months with that wound. I had that most terrible of all diseases,—lockjaw, and was twice given up for dead but here I am to-day, to tell you the story. Another very close call for me came at a little town in Illinois shortly after that, with the Howe, Nixon & Costello show. I had a very treacherous puma in a den of performing animals and had a good deal of trouble with him. One day when I was leaving the cage he sprang upon me from behind and made his teeth meet in my neck. The men fought him off with clubs and pitchforks, and carried me out for dead. Mr. Costello had me taken to a drug store and went off to arrange with an undertaker for my funeral. He took my measure for a coffin before he went, but I haven't used it yet. While he was away I opened my eyes and asked for a drink. Four weeks later I was at work again.

"Secrets? No, I have no secrets in the business whatever. Brute force is the only thing by which lions, tigers, leopards or animals of their ilk can be made to obey



man. Teach them to fear you and they will mind you. Has the human eye any power over them? Not much. That's a Mother Goose fable. Look a lion straight in the eye and if you keep it up half a minute the chances are he will bite that powerful eye right out of your head and take what ever else he could while doing it. That's all nonsense. A club, a rawhide whip as thick as your wrist and plenty of pluck is the stock in trade of a professional lion tamer."

I could have listened to him all night. Never before had I heard such an interesting story of events in the life of one man. In the

foregoing narrative I have given only a few of the many adventures that have fallen to the lot of this strange character. A narration of them all would fill a volume. His stories of life in the army during the War of the Rebellion are full of adventure and thrilling situations. He fought in twelve battles, was three times a prisoner in rebel prisons, was an inmate of the terrible Libby, at Richmond, from which he escaped. He underwent hundreds of thrilling adventures as a scout. Truly his is a wonderful history and is perhaps without a parallel in the annals of the world.

### THE VOICE OF A DREAM.

BY CHARLES W. COLEMAN, JR.

"Do ye know her whom I seek?  
Deep her eyes and fair her cheek,  
And her lips are full and red,  
Like a rose half blown apart,  
That the sun may kiss its heart;  
White her brow and garlanded  
With an aureole of hair  
Like the yellow sunlight there.  
Whether she be straight and tall,  
As a lily lifted up,  
With the night dew in its cup;  
Whether she be fairy small,  
Know I not, nor do I care;  
But I know her passing fair,  
Be her eyes or brown or blue,  
Know I this—her heart is true.

"Have ye seen her whom I seek?  
Ne'er have I had that delight;  
I have only heard her speak  
Two brief words at dead of night,  
When mine eyes were closed in sleep.  
'Twas the hour when mortals keep  
Tryst with virtue unaware.  
'Gainst my feet her fallen hair  
Lightly brush'd as rose leaves bloom,  
And her lips scarce touch'd my own,  
As they did but happen there;  
And I felt her deep eyes look  
On my heart as 'twere a book.

"In half waken'd sleep I lay,  
As a soul that lies 'tween death,  
And the last still earth-drawn breath,  
'Twixt the dawning and the day.

"Then she spoke! Hast, heard a bell,  
Sounding o'er the sea at night,  
When the waves are capped with white,  
Rising, falling with their swell?  
Ah! I thought to ope mine eyes  
In the light of Paradise!  
But the night was still and dark;  
E'en the far stars seem to hark  
In their orbits for that voice,  
In such breathless stillness bound,  
That I felt the world turn round,  
Wheeling onward without noise.

"Did ye know her whom I seek!  
Had ye only heard her speak,  
It was but a false content  
Bids ye falter in the quest;  
Heard ye once her high behest,  
Ye would strive till life be spent,  
Spite of pain or cruel jest."

"An thou find'st her?"  
"Ye shall know,  
For the tidings swift shall go  
Round the world, the trump of fame  
Heralding abroad my name."

"An thou failest?"  
"Tho' men sneer  
For a moment, in a year  
It shall stay in no man's thought,  
Lest when some sweet soul may say,  
Looking back on yesterday,  
'He was true in that he sought.'"



W. H. VANDERBILT.

## THE MILLIONAIRES OF NEW YORK.

FIRST PAPER.

BY PAUL R. CLEVELAND.

THE rapid growth of private fortunes in New York has, by a natural law, kept pace with the rapid growth of the city. Some sixty years ago, John Jacob Astor is said to have been the only inhabitant of Manhattan Island worth a clear one million dollars. It is highly probable, too, that he may then have been, with the exception of Stephen Girard, the sole American citizen whose fortune could be counted by seven figures. Nothing can better indicate than this the immense increase of wealth in the commercial capital, where to-day the ownership of one million dollars is not a financial distinction. There are now, according to report, hundreds and hundreds of its population worth one million dollars and upward, many of them ranging beyond five million dollars. Nobody can form any idea of the private riches of the metropolis, or of their swift increment. Fortunes are constantly making and losing; but a large part of those made remain to swell the grand total. Since the Civil War, millionaires (the word means not those having a million, but those reckoning their wealth by millions) have steadily multiplied. Many men who were content to earn a decent livelihood, who had never

dreamed of aught beyond a modest competence when Sumter was fired on, now count their income by hundreds of thousands. To be a millionaire is to be conspicuous ordinarily; but in New York there are millionaires wholly obscure. They are not known to be rich outside of their narrow social circle, and will not be until their obituary in the daily newspapers shall have mentioned the fact. There are so many and so excellent opportunities here for making money, to him who has pecuniary perception, that millionaires seem to spring up between showers. You hear of a man grown very wealthy, whom you remember, a short time before, as dependent on a salary. You are not sure that the acquaintance you avoid, because he habitually wishes to borrow, may not soon be one of the monetary magnates of Fifth Avenue.

Another source of millionaires in the metropolis is their emigration from the country. Great cities always draw from smaller ones. Men who have gained a fortune elsewhere like to display it, if not to enjoy it, in the capital, where they find a more favorable environment for business as well as pleasure. They are anxious, often, to hide their hum-



RESIDENCE OF W. H. VANDERBILT.

*From a photograph by Rockwood.*

ble antecedents in its indifference, bustle, distraction, and glitter. They fancy that its vastness and splendor are consonant with their own. Comparatively few affluent New Yorkers by residence are New Yorkers by birth. They have come from New England, the West, the South, from Boston, Providence, Hartford, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Savannah, New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, and are cosmopolitan, and thoroughly comfortable in their island home. Whatever objections may be urged against the city, it is generally agreed to be a good place for the rich. It has been called a center of paupers and millionaires, and it often seems such, because, perhaps, people in moderate or independent circumstances appear, compared with the magnificently opulent, pinched with penury. A man with only two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand dollars can scarcely aspire here to the decorousness of poverty.

Most of our millionaires have become such by real estate investments, speculation, banking, or trade, especially by real estate, and most of them have been the makers of their own money. The Republic is too young for any number of inherited fortunes. Besides,

what one generation of Americans gains, so improvident and extravagant are they, the next generation spends. The biggest estates, and those that have descended, have naturally come from the possession of land, much of it originally held as farms by early settlers, as the Crugers, Van Rensselaers, Stuyvesants, Rhinelanders, and grown exceedingly profitable with the swift development of the town. They got rich, really, because they could not help it. Too cautious, too conservative to sell, they clung to their property until wealth had overcome them: they were pushed into affluence which their posterity has since enjoyed. A farm in the upper part of the city, which might have been bought for a few hundred dollars a century ago, would now command millions. It is a recorded fact that Peter Minuits, the first Dutch governor, purchased of the aborigines, little more than two and half centuries ago (1626), the whole of Manhattan Island for what now represents twenty-seven dollars. Robert James Randall gave, seventy odd years since, real estate in the vicinity of what is now Broadway and Twenty-third Street, valued at thirty-five thousand dollars, for the endowment of the Sailors' Snug Har-

bor. Its present value is about forty million dollars.

These data serve to render intelligible some of the prodigious fortunes derived here from investments in land. They explain the enormous growth of the Astor estate, the largest in the country, and one of the largest—perhaps the largest—owned by commoners in the world. Although the founder of the family, John Jacob Astor, son of a Badense peasant, laid, as is well known, the basis of his great wealth by the fur trade, the bulk of it came from realty, which he began buying early in the century, and continued to buy until his death, a period of nearly fifty years. He anticipated, in a measure, the remarkable growth of New York—he would be amazed, no doubt, if he could learn its present population—and had, it is said, unerring judgment as to commercial transactions. The city advanced so fast that the lots he acquired often increased fifty-fold, sometimes a hundred-fold in value. The policy he originated has been closely pursued by his de-

scendants, who are constant buyers,—they very seldom sell—of improved city property at the lowest rates, and under the most favorable conditions. Their manager, shrewd, careful, thoroughly trained, is always on the watch for good investments, and never misses a chance. They are eternally adding to their possessions; they have thousands of buildings—residences, offices, stores, warehouses—and may in time hold title to the bulk of the town. No one, outside of the immediate family, and but very few in it, have any idea how this absorbing process goes on, month after month, year after year, generation after generation. The Astors keep their affairs as secret as possible; they are reticent—men, women, and children—as a rock on that subject, though only their head and their manager have any definite information. They know that they are superlatively rich; that every day, every hour, every minute, augments their riches; and with this they are satisfied.

What is the estate worth? Who knows?



JAPANESE ROOM IN W. H. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE.



W. W. ASTOR.

It is doubtful if any one can tell; but, as the mass of it is in houses and lots, an estimate might be made that could not be made were it in securities, liable to ceaseless variation in the market. John Jacob Astor counted up two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in 1800—he had then been in the Republic seventeen years, and was forty-four—and at his death, in 1848, his wealth was believed to reach twenty million dollars. In forty-eight years, it had increased eighty-fold. Forty years have passed since then, and millions of surplus revenue have been annually reinvested in real estate, and real estate advances here with astonishing rapidity. We all know how great fortunes increase, like big balls of snow, at every turn. It would seem as if the Astor estate must, by this time, amount to five hundred million dollars. But, making all allowances and deductions, three hundred million dollars is a rational estimate, and I am confident it will reach that. What a stupendous sum for one family, of which there is always a head, a director, a controller! What gigantic power it bestows; what an awful responsibility it involves! What hospitals, libraries, colleges, art galleries it might establish here without serious diminution; and New York lacks these more than any great capital does! John Jacob Astor gave four hundred thousand dollars to found the Astor

Library, and his sons and grandsons probably think themselves absolved, therefore, from further liberality of the kind. Because one is worth a few hundreds of millions, is that any reason why one should devote a million or two to the public good of the city where they have all been made?

The first John Jacob Astor felt the deepest interest in the building of the Astor House, more than half a century old, and watched its progress day after day, until its completion. This may account in part for the solidity of the structure, which is hardly surpassed by any building in New York. He was determined that whatever was done for him should be done thoroughly, and was so rigorously economical that he often, it is said, picked up nails that the carpenters had dropped, and remonstrated with the mechanics when they showed the least tendency to waste of time or material. He was very anxious to perpetuate the family name—an anxiety that has been shared, in a monetary way, by his descendants—and he enjoined therefore upon his heirs that the Astor House should always be used as a hotel. The Western Union Company wanted to buy it, before putting up their building at the corner of Dey Street; but the Astor estate declined to sell for that reason, though offered a good round price. Fidelity to an agreement is good, but income is, in the minds of some persons, far better. At the northwest corner of Vesey Street was a small brick house, erected by John Jacob. There William B. Astor was born—the city had but thirty thousand inhabitants then—and died, nearly eighty-five years later, in the big brick dwelling in Lafayette Place, now employed as a restaurant, adjoining the Astor Library.

The Astor estate has been virtually entailed. John Jacob left it in trust, to be administered and augmented for all the heirs, to Wm. B. Astor, his sole surviving son. Wm. B. left it in turn to John Jacob Astor—his brother, Wm. Astor, taking little or no part in its financial management—and John Jacob, now near seventy, has left it to his only son, about forty, Wm. Waldorf Astor, who will, in due time, leave it to one of his sons. There is no apparent danger of any reckless spendthrift in the line of descent. Thus far, every sane scion has been prudent and thrifty, and regarded it as his sacred duty to be careful of the family millions, so





ART GALLERY OF MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR.

that they might continue to multiply without end. Each scion has resembled in person, manner, and character the founder of the house, revealing the German blood in sobriety and conversation. The masculine Astors are not handsome. They are apt to be solid, heavy-limbed, deliberate of motion, of the blonde rather than the brunette type, entirely free from the nervousness and alertness of the majority of Americans. John Jacob, the present, has been troubled with gout, and shows it in his gait. His features incline to heaviness; but his eye is mild and pleasant. Wm. Waldorf Astor looks older than he is, perhaps from wearing eye-glasses, and from a certain sedateness of expression, more indicative of sixty odd than thirty-five or forty.

Plainness and solidity mark whatever belongs to the family. The houses, at the corners of Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets and Fifth Avenue, in which John Jacob and Wm. Astor have lived for years, are simple to baldness, are indeed ugly without, though very comfortable internally. But nowhere is there any sign of ornament for the sake of ornament. Richness is blended with something of severity. The contemporaneous passion for the æsthetic and decorative is not visible. The Astors give elaborate entertainments, mainly dinner parties, but give

them sparingly, and always see that they are fully and correctly advertised in the social columns of the newspapers. Even festivity is a business with the family, who are methodical and considerate of cost in everything. They are trained to be so from their infancy. Hence, impulse, sensibility, romance, sympathy, whatever belongs to the emotional or ideal, is, if it appear, sedulously repressed. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who recently died, was devoted to the poor, attending to their wants personally; but she used in charity, I am told, only the income from her marriage portion. Her memory is widely and tenderly mourned by the lowliest and neediest of the town, to whom she was a constant help. The present heir, or head of the estate, Wm. Waldorf Astor, lives in an unpretending but spacious house in Thirty-third Street, near Fifth Avenue. He appears to have some other than plutocratic aspirations, having figured moderately in politics, having been minister to Rome, and having published an historical novel. But, as most of his time is to be dedicated henceforth to the colossal property he has in charge, he will hardly find leisure, had he the desire, for further political or literary episodes.

It is too much to hope, perhaps, that any of the Astor men of a recent generation shall turn their minds seriously to anything except the interminable accumulation of their untold millions, and the strengthening of their social position. They are good citizens in the accepted sense; they are church communicants; they are kind husbands and affectionate fathers; they violate no principle of legal justice; they respect all the conventionalities. Nevertheless, they are, as their best friends must admit, true worshippers at the shrine of Plutus.

Another great estate is the Vanderbilt estate (the two families are always connected in the public mind), which is not so old as the other, nor, in all probability, quite so monstrous. It was founded by Cornelius Vanderbilt, as its fellow was by John Jacob Astor, born thirty-one years, and died twenty-nine years earlier, at the same age. Vanderbilt, who was an American for several generations, had first seen the light on Staten Island, and inherited various traits from his Dutch stock. He had more financial capacity—it amounted to genius—than Astor; had far



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.



*From a photograph by Rockwood.*

RESIDENCE OF CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

greater originality, boldness, and power of combination; but it was exclusively of a monetary sort. He divided mankind into two classes, those who could and those who could not make money, and the latter he condemned as blank fools. Probably no man of this century ever bent himself more entirely to the pursuit of wealth, from the time he bought a periagua, at sixteen, after his father's death, to carry farm products to the New York market, until his final illness at eighty-two. He was illiterate throughout life, having a violent prejudice against education, which he believed to interfere with practical success, and talked a peculiar English, defiant of syntax and orthoëpy. Letters he almost never wrote—correspondence was as severe a task for him as for Sam Weller—but he invariably wanted everybody else to put any business proposal on paper. He never, so far as known, expressed the slightest regret for his lack of education,

and, presumably, never felt any, being in this an exception to his race. But as a compensation,—fully sufficient for him,—he was phenomenally astute at a trade, big or little, and had a marvelous instinct for commercial profit. Before twenty, he removed to this city, and three years later was worth ten thousand dollars, which was harder, he said, to get than any subsequent sum. At that time he built the first steamboat to run between New York and New Brunswick, and received one thousand dollars a year as captain. He continued on the line until he made its revenue forty thousand dollars a year; his wife meanwhile keeping an inn—he had married at nineteen—at the New Jersey terminus, and turning it to good account. For fifty-four years he followed the water, owning steamboats on the Delaware, the Hudson, and Long Island Sound, and steamships on the Atlantic and Pacific, steadily overcoming opposition, and swelling



W. K. VANDERBILT.

his fortune. At seventy, with property estimated at forty million dollars, the Commodore, as he was called, directed his attention to, and concentrated his interest in, railways, having been for many years a heavy stockholder in the New York and New Haven Road. At so advanced an age, such a change was hazardous, to say the least; but he was brilliantly successful in it, showing the energy and force of youth in all his plans and combinations. He scarcely ever miscalculated; but in attempting to gain command of the Erie Road, when Fisk and Gould controlled it, he found that they were supplying, without any thought of responsibility, all the shares that he or others were willing to pay for. Soon tiring of pitting his money against their printing press, he confessed his mistake, which he ascribed to his advisers, to whom he had yielded, he said, against his better judgment.

When he saw his days closing—he had a long illness—he had the supreme satisfaction of having amassed not far from one hundred million dollars, and he cared for nothing else. His one purpose in existence he had splendidly attained. Although averse by constitution to giving away money—it could do no permanent good, in his opinion—he presented the steamship *Vanderbilt*, which cost eight hundred thousand dollars, to the Government at the outbreak of the Civil War, and endowed, through the influence of

his second wife, the Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, with seven hundred thousand dollars. He also made, toward the last, various bequests, some of which indicated that he was not impervious to artful gallantry. He often helped men that he happened to like, and it may be said, to his credit, that he was always as good as his word. Totally without pretense or presumption, he was generally accessible, having so much executive power that he was seldom pressed for time. Fine-looking, especially in his old age, his handsome face, erect carriage, and elastic step were likely to draw attention, even in crowded Broadway. He might have been a prince in disguise, if princes were what they are imagined to be. He certainly did not appear, physically, like the hard-headed, unconditional, unlettered business man he was. His two recreations were driving and whist. He loved good horses, had plenty of them, and was the despot of the road. In whist, he played the rigor of the game, and could not bear to be beaten, which he seldom was. At Saratoga, where he usually spent the summer, he was disappointed if he did not win enough to meet his hotel bill. When his memory began to fail he ceased to play: serious as was the deprivation, he was unwilling to lose the rank he had so long occupied. He did not bother himself about theology; but if he had believed the Biblical announcement of the difficulty attendant upon a rich man's entering heaven, he would have had a very poor opinion of heaven.

Commodore Vanderbilt was driving one day in Harlem Lane, and, as usual, took the road, turning out for nobody. A very fast team came behind him, and the driver called on him to give room. Vanderbilt urged his horse forward, and went straight on, believing that he could not be passed. The other wagon dashed by, taking him on the wheel, and throwing him out on his head. He was picked up insensible. It was feared at first that his neck might be broken. But he recovered in a few minutes, and inquired of the anxious bystanders, "Did any of you boys notice whether that 'ere hoss was trottin' or runnin'?" His chief concern was to know if the horse that had gone by him had kept its gait.

During the Civil War a great fair was held in New York for the benefit of the Sanitary



From a photograph by Rockwood.  
RESIDENCE OF W. K. VANDERBILT.

Commission, which did a deal of good for the Union soldiers. A large amount of money was raised by private subscription. Vanderbilt and A. T. Stewart were approached, and each said he would give as much as the other. This word was carried backward and forward again and again, with no practical result. At last the Commodore lost his temper at Stewart's delays, and put down his name for a round one hundred thousand dollars. The merchant did the same, but was said to be exceedingly angry at the rival millionaire. How very angry they must both have been! But it was a highly profitable wrath. The Astors, as was remarked at the time, never lose their temper at that rate.

William H. Vanderbilt was his father's successor, as William B. Astor had been his father's. The Commodore thought it necessary to leave the great system of railways he had established and controlled under one head, and to do this he must leave the major part of his fortune to his elder son. He had

not entertained a high idea of William's financial ability until he had reached sixty or thereabout, and had left him on a Staten Island farm as the best field for dullness. Thurlow Weed, who was an incarnation of benevolence, is credited with revealing William's true character to the paternal mind. Thereupon, the Commodore took him into confidence and favor, and was speedily convinced of the injustice he had done him. Albeit men having distinguished fathers are apt to be underrated,—

and such may have been the fate of William H. Vanderbilt,—there is no reason to believe that he was not worthy of his sire. He had determined opposition to conquer, schemes which he declared to be of a blackmailing order, and numberless and enormous difficulties in his path. It really seemed, as he thought, that because he was immensely rich, plans were constantly forming to rob him, and he was resolved not to be robbed if he could prevent it. He lacked unquestionably his father's greed of money: he relished quiet, and would have been contented to keep his own. But incessantly forced into activity to protect his property, he enjoyed little peace after becoming chief of the estate. He evinced remarkable capacity throughout, and he would have won the Commodore's praises had it been possible. He doubled, it is supposed, the mighty fortune within a period of eight or nine years. But the carrying of two hundred million dollars overtaxed his strength and sent him to the grave before he was five-and-sixty. He



should have lived much longer, for he was prudent and abstemious, and strictly domestic in taste and habit.

If not fully equal to his father in power to grapple with the world, and set its verdicts at defiance, he was altogether his superior in breadth and sensibility. He had sides that the Commodore had not: he owned a kind heart, a quick sympathy, and, if he had not been thwarted in his projects, would have bequeathed a fine art gallery to the city. His superb collection of pictures, to which he frequently admitted the public, would have awakened the wrath of the elder Vanderbilt, who would not have given a tenth part of its cost for all the art in civilization. William H. Vanderbilt was a far better man than he was believed to be. He performed constant acts of benevolence that were never known; he pitied misfortune, and opened his purse in silence, though never pretending to be generous. Indeed, he seemed rather

ashamed of his charities, though he was only ashamed of their discovery. I will not mention munificent performances of his, which have reached me accidentally, because he never mentioned them himself. He actually shrank,—a strange virtue in a very rich man,—from the blazoning of his deeds.

William H. Vanderbilt was not comely like his father. His face was heavy, his features not delicate, his figure ponderous; but his person did not denote his nature any more than the Commodore's person denoted his. One was better than, the other not so good, as he looked. The superb house he built, and in which he died, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first Street, is well known and much admired. It is in imitation of a Pompeian villa, on a far larger scale, and contains every comfort and luxury that money can command. The dwelling on the other corner—it includes two distinct homes—he erected for two of his married daughters, and

it is a match for his. He was fond of fast horses, too, and gained much recreation from them. His experience of men made him distrustful—to be a millionaire is to see the worst side of one's fellows—but he enjoyed the company of those who were simple, candid, honest; who had no ulterior motive in cultivating him. He was compelled to confess, however, that very few such fell in his way. He would have been far more contented, as he often said, to have passed all his years on the



*From a photograph by Rockwood.*  
RESIDENCE OF JAY GOULD.



JAY GOULD.

Staten Island farm. But the vast property his father left he regarded as a sacred trust, and he consecrated himself to its keeping. It may be a comfort to the poor to know, as his intimate friend Chauncey M. Depew has said, that he was always hard up. Is there then no immunity from pressure supported by two hundred million dollars?

The will of Wm. H. Vanderbilt left ten million dollars each to his children—there were eight—and he made his eldest sons, Cornelius and Wm. K., custodians of the estate. He did not leave it effectually undivided, as his father had done, and by his course seemed to indicate that the lack of division imposed on one head an unwholesome and serious strain. Cornelius Vanderbilt, about forty, who resembles the grandpaternal Cornelius in appearance and monetary acumen, has since become the active manager of the great property; his brother, Wm. K., having apparently decided on a less commercial, more self-indulgent career. Cornelius is amply qualified for the position. His grandfather had complete confidence in him, and was willing to declare a dividend on Hudson River and New York Central whenever the young man, then treasurer of the company, recommended it. He was very proud of his grandson—pride in his kinsmen was not one of his distinctive traits—and he frequently said, "It's all right; Cornel says so, and he knows. Cornel ain't no sucker; you can bet on that, dead sure." He left

him by will five million dollars as a special evidence of his affectionate appreciation, than which nothing could have been more significant. Everybody intimate with the present Cornelius likes him: he is considerate, sympathetic, benevolent. He is not a professional philanthropist, nor does he assume to be; but he seems to enjoy helping his fellows as opportunity favors. He understands the value of property, and how it must be administered to educe income; but he is not mercenary or selfish. By no means sentimental, he takes pleasure in the success of others; is wholly humane, and believes that wealth bears obligation. Morally, he is represented as a pattern, the best of husbands and fathers, and the most trustworthy of friends. In this prodigal capital, with such fortune and position, with so many temptations, blameless conduct in a young man merits sincere commendation. He has various interests outside of railways; he likes books, pictures, music, travel, entertainments; his pursuits are diversified and healthful. He has already given an earnest of the future, and will not be likely to disappoint the expectations of the community, as our millionaires in general have done. The Vanderbilts have greatly improved in three generations; from grandsire to grandson there has been an extraordinary change for the better.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's house, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, is elaborate, conspicuous, costly, and though sumptuously decorated and furnished, is not, to my mind, externally attractive with its composite of brick and gray stone. The Japanese ivy on its walls softens its newness, and it will mellow and mend with years. The architecture is fantastic without being pictorial. Wm. K. Vanderbilt's residence, farther south in the avenue, at Fifty-third Street, is a beautiful structure of the château style, high-wrought and perfectly finished. It is one of the handsomest houses in America, but is deprived of its effect by standing directly on the street; it should be in the midst of grounds, shaded by shrubbery and trees. It is beauty removed from its environment, which is not art. What is the advantage of millions, if they will not supply a setting to so luxurious a pile? All its internal glories will not compensate for absence of that.



GEORGE GOULD.

Jay Gould's estate is the third in wealth in New York, and it is all his own, because he has created it. There are many millionaires here who have inherited their riches, some through half-a-dozen generations; but few of them are sufficiently conspicuous or individual to be interesting. Heads of families born with fortunes, having no incentive to exertion, no diversity of experience, no material necessities at any time, may be exceedingly comfortable, but they are not at all attractive: their biography would be very tiresome. A man, unless phenomenally rich, like the Astors or Vanderbilts, when we are curious to know how their riches have been acquired, does not enlist our concern without doing something, without showing contrasts in his own life. A uniform career of prosperity is very monotonous, for it is apt to stifle activity, to paralyze dramatic instinct and tendency.

Jay Gould is interesting, if not exemplary, through his intellectual force, his power of combinations, his inexhaustible resources. Although very little past fifty, he has been nearly half his life a leader in Wall Street, and for ten years the leader of leaders. Hardly any one who was conspicuous there when he began to be known as a power, is now left. His earlier associates and adversaries have either gone to the grave or into obscurity. As respects brain alone, he is the

survival of the fittest. Reared on his father's farm in Delaware County, New York, he saloon grew tired of tillage, with which a youth of his parts naturally felt small sympathy. He had not much education of the ordinary kind, though he was fond of reading, and had an insatiable appetite for facts, which has increased with his age. In his youth, he published a book on the resources of his native country, and several copies of it are preserved as literary curiosities. After sundry experiments, and making considerable money, he gravitated to the big city, and became a leather merchant in the Swamp. About that time, he met an agreeable, intelligent girl, whom he wished to marry, and as there was some opposition on behalf of her parents, but none on hers, he eloped with her, and their union has been exceptionally happy. The leather business was not prosperous, and he turned his mind to speculation, for which he had always evinced an appetite. He speedily began to dabble in Erie, then even more than now a favorite with operators of every kind, and he turned his dabbings to immediate profit. His projects grew, and it was not long before he found in James Fisk, Jr., who had been a peddler, though of a very shrewd type, a valuable coadjutor. One supplemented the other, and the two, after a resolute and arduous campaign, captured the company. Then they emerged into the noonday of publicity, and the whole American world took them on its tongue. They had schemed into their position, and they schemed to the utmost to retain it. They availed themselves of every means at their command. Fisk was supposed to be the abler of the twain, for he was ever in view, and cutting all manner of antics. But when he was removed by an assassin's bullet, it was discovered that he had mainly done his superior's bidding. Fisk was clever; but Gould is marvelous, perhaps without a peer in his line. The day came when Gould was expelled by legal process from the Erie road, and he subsequently made restitution of some millions of property. Whether this was not more assumed than actual is still a moot-point. But there seems to be little doubt that the astute speculator profited, on the whole, from his surrender, by buying large amounts of stock and selling on the advance which he knew would occur when his intended action was revealed.

Since then he has been engaged in more and larger enterprises than ever. No man has been more abused, and he unquestionably deserves a good deal of the abuse. But he is censured for many things with which he has no connection, and of which he has no knowledge. Conduct is overlooked, if not sanctioned, in Wall Street, which is at variance with all the ideas of old-fashioned honesty. It is hard to believe what the "rules of business" will nowadays permit. Jay Gould is really the embodiment of the spirit of the Stock Exchange, and because he is generally successful, he is made to appear as the greatest criminal. Hundreds of others equally bad pass uncriticized, because so much less conspicuous. Gould is different from what he was in the earlier years, when he was a wholly unscrupulous Bear and a railway wrecker. He would not dream of doing now what he habitually did then. His morals may not have improved, but his fortunes have, and the effect is the same. Grown immensely rich, he is conservative in self-defense. He is now a Bull, and Bulls are naturally ranged on the side of custom, law, and order. While it is idle to guess generally at a man's enormous fortune, there is reason to think that his may reach one hundred million dollars at least, since he has repeatedly taken the public into his confidence, by exhibiting his securities when there were rumors of his embarrassment. For twenty years he has been, according to report, on the brink of failure, if not of ruin, every few months. Divers big operators have avowed it as their object to drive him into bankruptcy. But he is still unhurt, and where are they? The Street, at last grown skeptical of his discomfiture, smiles at the predictions and menaces uttered against him. A man capable of creating and controlling a market is not likely to be undone by it. They who expect to live to see his downfall must be assured of a remarkable longevity.

It is not money so much as power that Gould craves. He does not care for display, though he relishes solid comfort. He lives plainly for a man of his prodigious wealth. His town house, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, is a regular, double brownstone, which might be owned and kept by a citizen worth two million dollars to three million dollars. His country seat at Irving-



MRS. GEORGE GOULD. (EDITH KINGDON.)

ton is fine, with a magnificent conservatory and beautiful grounds; but he bought it for a moderate price only a few years ago. You never hear of his entertainments, or of his wife's diamonds, or his assortment of carriages. He is more than indifferent to society, and Mrs. Gould is rigorously domestic. Contrary to the popular impression, he is well read, rather studious, talks intelligently, fluently, correctly, on a diversity of subjects, when in the mood, though temperamentally reticent. He spends several hours daily in his library, and is acquainted with works of pure literature that most persons would think him ignorant of. His manners are of the best. He speaks in a low, gentle tone; is entirely free from assumption or egotism, and has an air of perfect breeding. Dressed with scrupulous neatness, usually in black, and with complete simplicity, he would not be observed in a crowd. But any one who studies the small, slight, dark man, dark-eyed, dark-haired, dark-whiskered, will perceive in him unmistakable signs of intellectual power.

Gould delights in big operations; they are



EDWARD COOPER.

the stimulus of life; they are absolutely necessary to his continuance. He bears lightly enormous responsibilities which would crush most men. He has the faculty of dismissing them altogether from his mind whenever he chooses. To see him in the family circle, he would never be suspected of being one of the greatest, most original, most daring, most successful of living operators. He is very charitable when properly approached. He makes it a rule to give at least one hundred dollars to any case which he has reason to believe genuine. A solitary by constitution, he has outside of his domesticity, no companions, in a social sense, being sufficient for himself. He has no small talk, and it is always noticeable that with others he is the listener. His face, away from home, is inscrutable, and much of his achievement is undeniably due to his ability to keep his own counsel. The mere making of money for money's sake ceased, years ago, to be an incentive with him. Love of accomplishment is his chief spur. He is like a skilful chess player, and the continent is his chess-board. His vast capital, his railways, steamers, and telegraph lines, are his chess-men. He looks over the board, studies his

plan, contemplates his moves. His prime satisfaction is less in getting the stakes than in winning the game.

"Do you think there is any truth in Gould?" was asked on a certain occasion. "There ought to be," was the response. "I've known Jay for ten years, and I've never known any truth to come out of him. I call him a great condenser of veracity. It's frozen solid in him; and he knows, if his heart should ever warm, that he would burst. Jay's coldness and hardness is in obedience to the law of self-preservation."

Gould has four or five children, the eldest of whom, George J. Gould, is already financially prominent—he is twenty-eight—and preparing to take his father's place, when there may be need. That he is capable of sentiment and romance is clear from his marrying a pretty actress, Edith Kingdon, a nice American girl, who had gone upon the stage, after her father's death, to support her mother and herself. From the green-room at fifty dollars a week, to be the wife of the son of one of the very richest men on the globe, far exceeds any transformation scene of the theater.

Edward Cooper is considered a millionaire, though not a big one. He had long been in business with his father, Peter Cooper, the renowned philanthropist, who has done more for the working classes here than any New Yorker that may be named. The son, who is deservedly proud of his lineage, is president of the Cooper Union, and personally sees that the admirable institution his father founded is properly conducted. He gives much of his time and attention to benevolent schemes, though the iron interests he represents are exacting, and he and his amiable wife go a good deal into society. Although by no means active in politics, he has been elected Mayor of the city, and was excellent, but not brilliant in that office. A most estimable citizen, he attends so closely to his own pursuits, and is so quiet in his ways that he hardly gains credit for his parts. He suffers, also, from the fact of having had a very distinguished father. He is about fifty-five, has a prepossessing appearance and manners, and a very comfortable house in Washington Square.





EDWARD P. ROE.

BY E. D. WALKER.

THE sudden death of the most popular of American novelists, in the prime of his power, has brought a greater loss than would be felt in the decease of any other author; and the hundreds of thousands to whom his name is a household word will not be disappointed in the feeling that his own story must be nobler than any he ever wrote. To be sure there is something autobiographic in all his novels, but it is only by culling the strength and purity of them all that one learns the personality of the man. In him shone far more of "sweetness and light" than radiates from the English

critic who sneered at his success. He never tried to reach men and women of great intellect, and wisely refused to change his style and work from that which appealed to the mass of struggling men and women. But the underlying motive with him was always the desire to help people. There are many instances of severe literary critics, who have violently censured his writings, being completely captivated by him upon personal acquaintance. The charm of simple great-heartedness was eminently his. No one could charge him with sensationalism or affectation. His modesty admitted deficien-

cies in his work, but the bushels of letters that poured into his hands from total strangers and the unprecedented sale of his books proved that he was vitally in accord with the heart of his fellow-men, and that he knew how to minister to them as no other American writer has done.

E. P. Roe was born just fifty years ago, the 7th of last March, on the banks of the Hudson, not far from his late home. It is because of his life-long association with this river that so many of the plots of his novels are laid along its banks. An anecdote of his boyhood illustrates his proverbial unselfishness. He was at boarding-school, when his father became involved in serious financial difficulties. His father would not allow this, however, to interfere with the education of his children, and Edward was told that he would be kept at school. He did not realize how many sacrifices this made necessary until he learned that his father had stopped the family newspaper. He knew that "Horace Greeley's paper" was the apple of his father's eye—that when he deprived himself of this daily visitor he was really making a great sacrifice. Students who were anxious to earn a little money for themselves were allowed a dollar a cord for sawing fire-wood. Young Edward went boldly to the principal and said, "I want you to let me saw nine cords of wood." The principal looked doubtfully at the young lad, for the wood was tough and the boy was not, but gave his consent. Mr. Roe said that he never saw wood quite so bad as that, gnarled and knotted to the last degree, as if to make his task as hard as possible. The work nearly killed him, he said, but he struggled through, and with a proud and happy heart sent the money to his father, telling him that now he might have his cherished paper again. The novelist told this story to a friend at a time when his books sold by the hundred thousand, and added that he thought no other action of his life had given him so much pleasure.

He was educated at Williams College and Auburn Theological Seminary. When he was ready to enter the ministry the war broke out and his intense patriotism sent him to the front as chaplain of the Harris Light Cavalry (Second New York Volunteers). He participated in numerous engagements, including Dählgren's famous

raid on Richmond, and had a narrow escape in the fight on the banks of the James River. Subsequently President Lincoln appointed him hospital chaplain at Fortress Monroe. At the close of the war he became pastor of a Presbyterian church at Highland Falls, New York, one mile north of West Point, and remained there until 1874, when he removed to Cornwall. There he established a fruit farm and nursery, and divided his attention between horticulture and literature. It was in 1871 that his first novel was written. How it came about the readers of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* have already learned from his own words.\* In the preface to his story "Without a Home" also he briefly refers to it: "The burning of Chicago impressed me powerfully, and, obedient to an impulse, I spent several days among the smoking ruins. As a result, my first novel, 'Barriers Burned Away,' gradually took possession of my mind. I did not manufacture the story at all, for it grew as naturally as do plants on my farm. In intervals of busy and practical life, and also when sleeping, my imagination, unspurred and undirected, spun the warf and woof of the tale, and wove them together. I merely let the characters do as they pleased and work out their own destiny. I had no preparation, but made a careful study of the topography of Chicago. For nearly a year my chief occupation was to dwell apart among the shadows created by my fancy, and I wrote whenever and wherever I could—in steamboats, on railroads and in my study."

The remarkable circulation of "Barriers Burned Away" was as much a surprise to him as to his publishers. His next novel "Opening a Chestnut Burr," was written to test whether he should devote himself to preaching or writing, and its success determined him to abandon the pulpit for the larger ministry of fiction. Other novels followed rapidly, averaging a new book every year, but none was more popular than his first. The sale of his books in America has been 750,000 copies, and counting their English editions and their translations into French and German, the aggregate circulation must be over a million copies. It is fair to compute that two million people have read one or more of his works.

\* See *THE COSMOPOLITAN* for July, 1887. "My First Novel." By E. P. Roe.

Of "Barriers Burned Away" 69,000 copies have been sold; of "Opening a Chestnut Burr," 68,000; "Without a Home," 60,000; "From Jest to Earnest," 60,000; "Near to Nature's Heart," 53,000; "A Knight of the Nineteenth Century," 53,000; "A Day of Fate," 50,000; and the sale of other works from his pen ranges from 25,000 to 45,000. These figures refer to cloth-bound editions; but of his most popular stories, paper-cover editions, also, of 100,000 each have been sold.

In all his works Mr. Roe pursued the same half-imaginative, half-practical plan as with the first novel. Speaking of "Without a Home," he wrote:

"I have visited scores of tenements, have sat day after day with police justices, and visited station-houses repeatedly. There are few large retail shops in New York city that I have not visited frequently, and conversed with employers and employes."

In factories and garrets, workshops and streets, he delved as a treasure hunter, after a knowledge of the human heart. By infinite pains he acquired the quality which gives his novels their power, namely, simple truth, in portraying the life of common humanity. Mr. Roe studied people, as nature, with a warm, sympathetic heart. As a Christian teacher he has said himself that he did not furnish sugar-coated pills, but endeavored to make his characters clean and his pictures of home life pure and elevated.

Different from most literary men, he was methodical in his work. He had his hours for labor, and never changed them while at his home. The early morning was given to farming, the bulk of the day to writing, and the evenings to recreation. It was his custom to write out the chapters of his novels on slips and then have them copied on typewriters. The original slips look much like the slips on which Dickens wrote his copy. They are almost illegible owing to the great number of erasures, corrections, etc. Mr. Roe was a believer in Ben Jonson's saying: "Easy writing makes hard reading." He carried his corrections even into the composing department of his publisher, often taking the proof-reader's place and making changes just before the type was sent to the press-room.

Mr. Roe's home at Cornwall-on-the-Hud-

son is a pretty country seat, and was much loved by him. He was essentially a domestic man, preferring the family hearthstone to the honors which literary friends were always ready to heap upon him and caring little for fame.

The warm love of home-life springs forth in all of his stories. Like George Macdonald, he believed that "Homeliness and glory make heaven." With what affection he held domestic ties one may see clearly in the opening words of "Nature's Serial Story," which is more closely autobiographic than his other works. In the delightful old couple there pictured are his own father and mother, and the other members of the group are chiefly composed from his near kindred and friends. The home he describes is his own birthplace, but it has the same character and scenery as his later home, not far distant. He says of it:

"A country home! How much it means—what possibilities it suggests! The one I shall describe was built not far from half a century ago, and the lapsing years have only made it more home-like. It has long ceased to be a new object—an innovation—and has become a part of the landscape, like the trees that have grown up around it. It was originally painted brown, but with the flight of time it has taken a grayish tinge, as if in sympathy with its venerable proprietor. In summer it stands back from the roadway in modest seclusion. Elms, maples, and shrubbery give to the passer-by but chance glimpses of the wide veranda, which is indicated rather than revealed beyond the thickly clustering vines.

"Away on every side stretched the angular fields, outlined by fences that were often but white continuous mounds, and also marked by trees and shrubs that in their earlier life had run the gauntlet of the bush-hook. Here and there the stones of the higher and more abrupt walls would crop out, while the board and rail fences appeared strangely dwarfed by the snow that had fallen and drifted around them. The groves and wood-browned hills still further away looked as drearily uninviting as roofless dwellings with icy hearth-stones and smokeless chimneys. Towering above all on the right was Storm King Mountain, its granite rocks and precipices showing darkly here and there, as if its huge white mantle were

old and ragged indeed. One might well shiver at the lonely, desolate wastes lying beyond it, grim hills and early-shadowed valleys, where the half-starved fox prowls and watches for unwary rabbits venturing from their coverts to nibble the frozen twigs. The river, which above the Highlands broadens out into Newburg Bay, has become a snowy plain, devoid on this bitter day of every sign of life. The Beacon hills on the farther side frown forbiddingly through the intervening northern gale, sweeping southward into the mountain gorge."

"Nature's Serial Story" abounds in sympathetic descriptions of country life and work, and the scenery of the Hudson Highlands. Upon horticulture Mr. Roe was an authority, and several of his books are upon that subject. His picturesque home was surrounded by orchards and gardens, to which he gave personal attention, for he was an enthusiast in small farming, and his fruit culture was developed to the highest degree. His farming experience was something like that of Horace Greeley and Henry Ward Beecher. His "Manual of Culture for Small Fruits" contains many excellent suggestions. But while his theories were unassailable, they did not always work out profitably. Although the results did not benefit him financially, he derived a great amount of healthful recreation from working his gardens. It was his custom to take up the hoe early in the morning, work hard until ten or eleven o'clock, and then take lunch and settle down to literary work until dinner time. During his last years he led a real rustic life, coming to the city only to look after the publication of his works.

Mr. Roe was personally one of the most charming of men. His amiable disposition and courteous manner endeared him to all who were so fortunate as to enter the wide circle of his friendship. With his wife and five children he dispensed a charming and bounteous hospitality at his Cornwall home. Among his latest guests were his fellow-members of the Authors' Club, of New York, who were a few weeks ago invited to spend a day at his place. There they found a tall, handsome gentleman, his face beaming with benevolence, though somewhat pale, with long full beard and dark eyes. With open-hearted cordiality he introduced them to his fruits and flowers. Specially beautiful were

his favorite roses, to which he devoted much care. The day he selected was in the height of the strawberry season, and the thirty sedate authors of the metropolis reveled among the luscious and gigantic berries, like boys in a melon patch. A day seldom passed without bringing him some visitor, who was royally welcomed. If the callers were unknown to him, his warm reception was the same. A friend who was often urged to visit him, says that the last time he was there the table entertained seventeen, of whom ten were guests.

The Roe homestead lies directly under the shade of Storm King. It includes the plateau of a hill, and the scenery round about is wonderfully varied and picturesque. Mr. Roe's father and grandfather resided at Cornwall, and now a fourth generation of the family is identified with this lovely bit of country. The house occupied by the novelist is a plain, old-fashioned structure, with a broad, breezy hall running from end to end, thus dividing the lower part of the house into two comfortable compartments. The various rooms are neatly but not pretentiously furnished, books and pictures being their chief ornaments. On the top floor Mr. Roe had his workshop—a long, narrow, uncarpeted room, under a slanting roof, well ventilated, and filled with lazy lounges and chairs, common bookshelves, a large writing-desk, and a cabinet containing specimens of Hudson River birds. Mr. Roe's latest hobby was to collect birds and to study their songs. He endeavored, specially, to find the exact time when each bird begins to sing in the early dawn. "I like to get my facts from nature," he said, "not from books." Among the country people about his home he was much loved. He was chaplain of the Emslie Post, G. A. R., at Cornwall.

Mr. Roe's death was a great surprise to all. Though fifty years of age, he was apparently vigorous and well. Only three days before he conversed with the writer concerning his plans of work for two years ahead, all of which was engaged in advance. Even his own family had no intimation of it, until after lunch he was visited by sharp pains, but these quickly left him. All day he worked as industriously as usual in the garden and study, and in the evening was entertaining a group of friends in his library by reading to them from Hawthorne, of whom

he was particularly fond. Suddenly he clasped his hands to his heart, ceased reading, and exclaimed, "Oh, that pain again; I shall have to stop." He excused himself, and started for his room. There he called for the family physician, but nothing human could save him. After a half hour of paroxysms of terrible pain, he threw up his hands, and a smile of peace showed the happy exit. His body rests now in the little cemetery of the Cornwall Presbyterian church, beside the graves of his children, in just such a shelter as he loved, under the shade of vine-clad maples.

Mr. Roe's publisher, with whom he has had intimate relations for many years, says:

"Mr. Roe was one of the most successful authors whose works we have ever published, and a more agreeable associate we have never met with in our business experience. He was a brilliant, great-hearted man, different from those novelists who advocate philanthropy in their books but do not practice it. His goodness of heart brought him to the verge of ruin not long ago. Two years since he indorsed a big note for his brother. The brother did not pay up, and Mr. Roe had to foot the bill. Several of his relatives were indorsers with him, but to shield them he took the burden of settling them alone. He was obliged to sell his copyrights in order to raise the money. Yet I never heard him complain. He went on with his work serenely, although much crippled financially, and only labored the harder to get on his feet again. I do not think he was worth much money at the time of his death. His income lately has been something like fifteen thousand dollars a year, but the loss incurred by indorsing that note probably took away a great part of his savings. Like most literary men he paid more attention to the construction of metaphors and the rounding of sentences than to business matters."

One of the nearest of Mr. Roe's friends is the artist who has so exquisitely illustrated two of his books, William Hamilton Gibson. Mr. Gibson writes us reminiscently of the sorrowed author as follows:

"It is too soon yet for me to put aside the pleasant habit of bright anticipation with which Mr. Roe's name has always been associated in my mind, or to recall now in a calm vein events which seem still soon to be repeated.

"I had barely returned from a short European tour when I received a letter of greeting from Mr. Roe, with one of those hearty enticing welcomes to his hospitality with which I had been familiar through the ten years of our acquaintance. But before I could even answer I was asked to believe that I had seen him for the last time.

"When I left him three months before he was in seeming perfect health and spirits, full of bright plans for the future, and happier than I had seen him for years in the contemplation of the near release from the financial distress under which he had struggled so long and which had occasionally well nigh vanquished his patient, courageous spirit. He had now 'reached the harbor,' as he said, and the years to come were full of promise and peace.

"The relations between Mr. Roe and myself were those of intimate friendship. Originally associated with him in his papers on 'Small Fruits,' I first met him at his home and was charmed, as all were, by his winning personality. Beneath this mere kindness I soon found the tender, noble heart, the beautiful Christian manhood, the sympathetic and truly lovable friend. In our later collaboration, on 'Nature's Serial Story,' I reaped my richest harvest from his friendship. The happy memories crowd thick and fast upon me as I write, and yet I am helpless to convey by words what that companionship was to me.

"Like many others who enjoyed his intimacy, I was made the confidant of his future hopes and plans. His brooding stories were outlined to me in our walks, mingled with much humorous, humane and philosophic comment and anecdote, and always infused with that deep sympathy for troubled human nature which was the quickening motive of all his work and the secret of his power.

"His noble manhood has brought me many lessons for which I am grateful. I have seen him patient and sweet and courageous and equitable under circumstances which would have soured most men. I have seen him dignified, tolerant and forgiving at sharp critical censure which I knew cut more deeply into his heart than he would admit, and to which his forbearing reply would be, 'Why find fault with the song-sparrow because it can not sing like a thrush?



Each has its appointed place and does its duty.'

"In those troubled times he spoke frequently of his death, and on one such occasion I remember, as we lunched in one of our walks, resting on the summit of 'Storm King,' when in natural sequence of our conversation, I made casual allusion to 'that future biography,' he replied with as near an approach to impetuosity as I had ever heard from him and with characteristic humility, that he hoped no man would write his biography: that there was no need of it: that he had simply lived according to the dictates of his enlightened conscience: that he had sought to put the best of himself in his books: his life must abide by its result: the rest was either merely superficial or too sacred for chronicling.

"In the writing of his books he was always true to himself and unswerved by the praise or censure of his critics or the tendencies of his time.

"How many honored names are numbered among his numberless clientele. I recall in one of our highland walks shortly after the publication of 'Nature's Serial Story,' a certain letter which he read to me and by which he was much touched. It came from England and bore the signature of one beloved among the British poets. It was a voluntary and grateful tribute to that beautiful story of simple home life, simply told, and one passage in the letter, which I recall in substance, if not in precise language, was especially significant, following an appreciative estimate of the sustained interest of the story. 'And not a murder or a duel in it from beginning to end.' He lived 'near to nature's heart,' with the heart of mankind as his supreme concern in nature. The motive of his life work, as shown in all his generous, kindly, tender acts and in his books, is well suggested in a remark which he let fall in conversation shortly before his death—'The world is full of restless, disappointed, unhappy souls.'

"And I did not bid him farewell! And though I have but just returned from the peaceful Highland hillside where he sleeps, I have not yet bade him farewell. I can not reconcile myself to the belief that I shall never see his genial face again. His absence leaves a void which can never be filled by any other friend that I shall meet. I only realize

that a somber spirit now underlies all my thought even in the midst of mist,—the woods, the clouds, the fields and birds are not what they were yesterday."

What his fellow writers thought of Mr. Roe may be judged also from these impromptu words of Julian Hawthorne, which were sent to a prominent literary journal:

"You will probably be asked to find room in your columns for many letters from the friends of E. P. Roe. I apply for admission with the others, on the ground that none of them could have loved him more than I did. The telegram which to-day told me of his death has made my own life less interesting to me. He was so good a man that no one can take his place with those who knew him. It is the simple truth that he cared for his friends more than for himself: that his greatest happiness was to see others happy: that he would have more rejoiced in the literary fame of one of his friends than in any such fame of his own winning. All his leisure was spent in making plans for the pleasure and profit of other people. I have seen him laugh with delight at the success of these plans. As I write, so many generous, sweet, noble deeds of his throng in my memory,—deeds done so unobtrusively, delicately, and heartily,—that I feel the uselessness of trying to express his value and our loss. He was at once manly and childlike; manly in honor, truth and tenderness; childlike in the simplicity that suspects no guile and practices none. He had in him that rare quality of loving sympathy that prompted sinners to bring their confessions to him, and ask help and counsel of him,—which he gave, and human love into the bargain. Among his million readers, thousands wrote to thank him for good, that his books had awakened in their souls and stimulated in their lives. He knew the human heart, his own was so human and so great; and the vast success of his stories, however technical critics may have questioned it, was within his deserts, because it was based on this fact. No one could have had a humbler opinion of Roe's 'art' than he had: but an author who believes that good is stronger than evil, and that a sinner may turn from his wickedness and live, and who embodies these convictions in his stories, without a trace of cant or taint of insincerity—such an author and man deserves a success infinitely

wider and more permanent than that of the skilfullest literary mechanic: and it is to the credit of our nation that he has it."

There is not another American author who has made so great a financial success of literature as E. P. Roe. That, of course, does not prove him a great or profound writer, but it demonstrates a popularity deserving of genuine regard. The secret of his enormous influence lies in his close sympathy with the heart of the people. He knew precisely what they want, and offered them that with unaffected simplicity. He was always on the side of conservative feeling. He stood out strongly for the sweet and mellow growth of home life. He showed how in common practical life to work out the impulses for good that everywhere strive for expression. Life to him was no hollow pessimistic sham, nor yet a gay pleasure hunt, but a field for active, upright labor. What nobility of purpose he described he also lived, as an ingenuous, courageous helper of his race.

The final work of Mr. Roe was to complete the serial now running in *THE COSMOPOLITAN*. The main trend of the story is based upon his experiences as chaplain in the late war. It was upon one of his Southern visits in quest of fresh material for this story that the first symptoms of his fatal malady appeared, in Charleston soon after the earthquake. Mr. Roe repeatedly said that he considered "Miss Lou" the strongest and most dramatic story he ever wrote. As it grew toward completion, and as the characters unfolded themselves, he became possessed with the same excitement that his readers experience as to what the next turn would be. His method up to the end was to firmly fix the individuality of each person in his mind and then let the actions shape themselves gradually from day to day as the story proceeded. He would say, "I do not know how it is coming out, but I see lively times ahead." Additional interest now centers in it from the fact that it was closed with his life.

#### THE INNER LIFE OF A GERMAN EMPRESS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

IN the spring of 1856 the King of Prussia, uncle of "Unser Fritz," gave a select dinner party at which he rose and, to the surprise of all present, begged to drink the health of his nephew, who was about to enter into matrimony—adding that he had for the time being been forbidden to mention the name of the bride. One who was present relates that Prince Frederick William looked so pleased and in such high spirits that every one was captivated by him. This was in the dawn of the royal romance that has just closed—the love-story which began when Fritz plucked a piece of white heather on the hillside near Balmoral Castle, and handing it to the Queen's eldest daughter as an "emblem of good luck," asked her to be his wife. She was a girl of sixteen, carefully brought up, famous for her talent and accomplishments, described by all who knew her then as pretty with the prettiness of youthful bloom, precisely the sort of charm which her mother had possessed at the same age, a fair complexion, soft waving hair, a captivating smile, and the grace of a slim but well-rounded figure. Prince Frederick Will-

iam was regarded then as one of the handsomest princelings in Europe, tall, blue-eyed, with hair and beard of yellowish brown, and something even then in his manly, brave bearing, his genial good humor, which has since obtained for him the familiar nickname of "Unser Fritz," taken, by the way, from a song popular among his soldiers and bestowed upon him as a term of endearment. To marry the Crown Prince of Germany might not in those days have seemed a very splendid alliance for the Princess Royal of England, but there is no doubt that personal feeling had as much to do with it as the diplomacy of courts. If some of the court party in Germany, with their wonderful faculty for petty intrigue and small jealousies, determined to accord the English princess no special welcome, there were others who determined to receive her with open arms. The English ambassador at Berlin was Lord Bloomfield. His wife had known the Princess Royal of England from infancy, having been one of those charming maids of honor who formed the first household of the young English queen, and while she made no secret of

her attachment to the royal family of England, Lady Bloomfield was obliged to use the greatest tact in her intercourse with the German court. It was scarcely a comfortable period in Berlin. The King was in a condition of half imbecility from dissipation, and, as may well be imagined, his brother, then Crown Prince, later Kaiser William, found it difficult to lead a peaceful or satisfactory life. Prince Frederick William was regarded as the hope of the nation, but Germany was not then the important consolidation which she is to-day, and the outlook for the young "Flower of England," as Princess Victoria was called, was, to say the least, doubtful. However, the marriage once decided upon, the English nation took it in the true spirit of festivity. "Vicky," as she was called in her home circle, suddenly was transformed from a quiet little maiden of sixteen, scarcely emancipated from the school-room, into a young lady of tremendous importance. Windsor Castle, where the happy days of her childhood had been spent, began to overflow with royal guests, while preparations for a wedding scarcely less splendid than those made for the Queen of England not eighteen years before were in hand. Glimpses at the inner life of the royal family show that they were unanimously happy in the event. In spite of her somewhat rigid views as a disciplinarian, the Queen had been the most loving and judicious mother, and years later, when Princess Alice was married to the Duke of Hesse and visiting her sister in Germany, she wrote home that they talked together tenderly and regretfully of the past. "We always say to each other," wrote the Princess Alice to her mother, "that no children were so happy and so spoiled with all the enjoyments and comforts children wish for. . . . If you could ever hear how often, how tenderly, Vicky and I talk of our most beloved parents, and how grateful we are for what they did for us. . . . I look back to my childhood and girlhood as the happiest time of my life."

Prince Albert remarked that his daughter had the "brain of a man and the heart of a child." She needed both to carry her through the ordeal of those first months in the German court. Everything was so utterly unlike her own home. The young couple took up their residence in a palace

which was a dull barren-looking place, suggestive of the formalities of a court which had scarcely recovered from the chilling miseries of old Frederick's day. The Princess endeavored simply to conduct herself like a natural, true-hearted woman. During the summer there came the delight of a visit from both parents, and certainly the Prussian Court did its best to make the Queen and Prince Consort feel satisfied as to their child's happiness. A fortnight of brilliant festivity was broken in upon now and then by family dinners and quiet conferences, and the Queen returned to England contented in all things but the fact that she could not be with her child "at a time when every other mother can." So much has been said as to the treatment of the Crown Princess at the time of her son's birth, that I can not forbear quoting Lady Bloomfield's account of the event, which, as I know from members of her own family, is absolutely authentic and corroborated by many others. "The Princess Royal was confined of a son on January 27, 1859, and it was a very anxious moment. Lord Bloomfield was sent for about noon, and kept sending me messages to say the Princess was very ill; and therefore it was an inexpressible relief when the welcome news came that all was happily over. But at first it was supposed the baby was dead, and it was only by the doctor's inflating his lungs that he was brought around. An accident happened which might have cost the Princess her life! She was to be attended by Dr. Martin, as well as her own household doctor. About eight A.M. the latter wrote to Dr. Martin to say his services were required immediately. But the servant to whom the letter was intrusted, instead of taking it, put it into the post; the consequence was it never reached Dr. Martin till past one P.M., and when he arrived at the Palace he found it was too late to do what ought to have been done hours before; he was very much alarmed, but the Princess and her child were both saved. I saw the baby a few hours later—he was a pretty little child and was sleeping very contentedly in the nurse's arms. When the Princess was so ill she kept begging those present to pray for her, and she looked up to her husband, who held her in his arms the whole time, and asked him to forgive her for being impatient. Countess Blucher, who was pres-

ent, told me she never expected the Princess to have strength to get through her confinement, and one of the doctors told her he thought she would die and the baby."

The child born at this time is, I need scarcely say, the recently proclaimed Emperor of Germany.

It was not possible for a woman so active in heart and brain as the Crown Princess to be idle, and, like her sister, Princess Alice of Hesse, she organized and carried on large charities, and, at the same time, startled German court society by introducing into it a literary and artistic element, inviting people to her soirées who had never before been distinguished by a royal card of invitation. But society was forced to admit that the Princess Victoria infused an element of grace and geniality into it which was stimulating and refreshing. Possibly she did not always act with tact in carrying her own point, but she was magnetic, enthusiastic, and, like her sister Alice, so genuinely good a woman that she carried almost everything before her, and her children from first to last have been popular. They have been six in number, and only one has died, a boy, Sigismund, who was attacked suddenly with a fatal illness just as the Crown Prince was about to advance with his army into Bohemia in 1866, and I have been told that the Empress has never recovered this loss. To her the little lad, who was, as the Princess Alice said, "such a merry darling," seems always the one needed presence.

The home life of this branch of the German royal family has been very happy. A routine of education something like that adopted by her mother was begun when the little people were old enough to be put into school training. The letters which were written by the young princesses to friends in England, and which were shown me, bear evidence to the entire simplicity of their training. I remember particularly the round careful characters of a letter written by the youngest, Princess Margerite, to a lady in England at whose house I was visiting, when the little girl could scarcely have been more than seven years of age. Its special significance was that it referred to the marriage of her sister Charlotte, the first granddaughter of the Queen to wed. Princess Charlotte was supposed to make a love

match, but rumor unfortunately seems correct in saying that Prince Bernard of Saxe-Meiningen has not proved all that the husband of so sweet a girl should be. The wedding was as picturesque as traditional ceremonial could make it, and the fantastic but interesting "torch-light dance of the Cabinet Ministers" was insisted upon by the Crown Princess, who has a distinct love of dramatic effect. This dance has its significance in being a part of the ancient marriage ceremonial of Germany.

When the Crown Princess visited England, her children were in the habit of making constant visits to the charming country house of a lady, friend of the writer, the only restriction which it entailed being that during their stay no other guests could be admitted; but the intimacy of the royal family with the people of — Park is an evidence of the simple way in which many friendships of the English royal family are conducted. Such friends are chosen with the greatest care, and on a firm basis, but, once admitted to the royal confidence, there are fewer barriers to intimacy than the public would suppose. The Princess Royal rarely visited her old home without making some new acquaintance in the world of art or letters, and, on the occasion of her visiting a studio or inviting some person of literary distinction to call upon her, the only formality would be in certain outward ceremonies, such as waiting permission to be seated—which was, of course, promptly given—and leaving when the princess felt obliged to end the interview.

Since the marriage of the Princess Royal, various other alliances have united the English and German families. The wife of the Duke of Connaught, Princess Louise Marguerite, was one of the three daughters of the beautiful Marie of Anhalt, aunt to the late Emperor. These girls were constantly with the Empress when her own children were growing up, and it was supposed that the Duke of Edinburgh was to marry the eldest of the trio, Marie, who was noted among her cousins for a pride of demeanor peculiar in that unaffected circle. An amusing story was told me by one of the English household characteristic both of Princess Marie and her cousin, the Princess Charlotte. When children, they sat for their photographs to a photographer, who was overcome by the dignity of the occasion, and in his nervousness

kept addressing them as "gracious young ladies," which is the common formula used in Germany in any rank of life. The little Princess Marie stood this as long as she could when, interrupting the pose, she exclaimed, "We are your royal highnesses." Princess Charlotte added, with a laugh, "*Fm Dicke Lottie*" (Fat Lottie), which was her father's pet name for her. The Duke of Edinburgh, as we know, married Marie of Russia, and the fate reserved for Marie of Prussia was an aged husband tottering into his grave but enormously rich, who died a few weeks after his wedding day, leaving his young widow to marry the man of her choice. The marriage of Prince Henry with his cousin, Princess Irene, of Hesse, will unite the two families still more closely, but among the fledgelings of royalty in Europe it is almost impossible to marry out of the family. The love-match of Alexander of Battenberg and Princess Victoria had to be broken by statesmanship.

There can be no question that her brief reign was a period of intense importance to the Empress Victoria. Aside from her domestic anxieties there were the grave political complications which must affect all about her, and as she has for years suffered much at the hands of the "Chancellor's party," it was but natural that she should try to assert her authority at least in the regulation of her own domestic matters.

Emperor William's attitude toward his mother is attributed by the general public to Bismarck's guidance; but it seems to me that those who recall the reasons for the temporary estrangement of the Prince of Wales and the Queen will see a parallel case now in the German Court. Amiable, unaffected, and good humored as she is, Empress Augusta, William's wife, has not the training or tact needed to influence this young Hohenzollern, who has, along with many sterling good qualities, inherited something of old Frederick's character. Even the indomitable Chancellor may not be able to keep him in leading strings as cleverly as he thinks, for those who know him best assert that he is much more master of his own will than people suspect.

The sort of petty jealousy which has disturbed the life of the Empress Victoria, has never been more clearly shown than in the question of Sir Morell Mackenzie's

treatment of her husband. That he was an Englishman seems to have been cause enough to stir up discontent, and, had it been possible, the famous physician's reputation would have been torn to shreds. But Dr. Mackenzie, cool, calm, and imperturbable, moved in and out of the petty intrigues of the court or Chancellor's party, and cleverly held his own. His ability is unquestioned, and if any one has ever accused him of charlatanism in his profession, it is because of a peculiar knack he possesses at understanding hidden causes of a disease and perhaps acting oftener on instinct successfully than many of his colleagues consider wise. My own first acquaintance with him dates some years back when he had a fine English reputation, and was regarded as so good an authority upon bronchial ailments that a Devonshire girl, in whom I was greatly interested, felt willing to take a long journey on a "forlorn hope" of Dr. Mackenzie's curing her of a throat disease which had baffled many physicians for three years. She stayed some months in my house in London, under Dr. Mackenzie's care, during which time I had an opportunity of seeing him frequently, and was interested in much that he told me of his own career—his intense interest in scientific study and his determination to be at the very top of the ladder. At that time his fine house in Harley Street, the amount of red tape necessary to reach him, and the general air of importance given to the waiting and consulting rooms, inclined many people to think him overfond of display. In fact, socially, the man enjoyed luxuries. He was rich, his circle included many of the most brilliant men and women of the day. He liked a certain pomp in his surroundings, but was himself a thorough gentleman, fluent, cultivated, and with an intense fondness for music, which made him specially interested in treating Patti, Nilsson, and other famous singers who always put themselves under his care. I remember much that he told me of his American patients, and recall him as a tall handsome man who must be at present about forty-five, with a sort of smiling good humor and an agreeable eloquence in conversation. I might add that he certainly effected a wonderful improvement in Mary G—.

No events in the life of the last Empress of Germany can possibly have had the



dramatic intensity of those connected with the past few months. As she received her mourning court in the old Schloss, what must have been her feelings, seated in the throne room, whose walls, could they speak, would tell of so much that is memorable in the lives of the Hohenzollerns! She was draped and veiled in black—their Empress paramount in authority no doubt—but for how long? The old Schloss is no longer used as the home of the sovereign, but it is the focus of all that is most significant and impressive to the people of Berlin. Associated with many historical events—grim with cruel memories of Frederick the Great's young days, it has its chief romance in being the scene of the first appearance of the famous White Lady, whose story in the "Hohenzollern" version is briefly as follows:

During the middle ages, a noble lady, surpassingly beautiful, of the house of Orlamunde, fell madly in love with a prince of the reigning house, and sent him privately word of her love and an offer of marriage. The prince would gladly have married her, but for the fact that his parents would not consent. Social intercourse was somewhat restrained in those days. He was compelled to dispatch a page to the lady with an ambiguous message, declining her offer on the ground that "four eyes" stood in their way. The young widow believed that he referred to her two children, and promptly put them to death, notifying him that the obstacle was removed. A terrible scene ensued between the prince and his murderess lady love, after which he fled into solitude, and she died of remorse. Since then, her ghost is said to be condemned to haunt the halls of the Hohenzollerns, and her appearance is a warning of death to some members of the family. About fifteen years ago, the terror of the inhabitants of Berlin, on account of some reported appearances of the White Lady, reached such a height that the Kaiser had every one of the seven hundred rooms in the Schloss thoroughly searched, in the hope of finding some clue to the mystery; but had he succeeded, I doubt whether the people would have given up their pet superstition. Many are ready enough to testify to having seen this pale, white-robed apparition before the death of the late Emperor, and stories are current of her having shown herself once again since that time.

Emperor Frederick has left his widow for life the Schloss at Hamburg, as well as the palaces they lived in at Potsdam and Berlin, and the palace of Charlottenburg. These palaces are far simpler than the old Schloss. The apartments of the present empress are furnished with less luxury than the rooms of many American women of to-day, but her love of art is shown in the pictures and decorations of the rooms, and in them the most peaceful hours of her life are spent. There she is free to be natural and unembarrassed, with her family about her, for so much seclusion is at least permitted to royalty. No one comes to their rooms without special permission. The Empress is reached and communicates with her friends by special couriers, which go constantly to and fro between the courts carrying letters, packages, dispatches, etc. The Queen's messenger, for instance, travels from England to Berlin, or to Florence, where she frequently stays. When the lady to whom I have referred as being so often the hostess of the German royal family, made some dainty garments for the Princess Charlotte's first child, I remember that the package was sent by the Queen's messenger, and in a charming letter the young mother described how, in a spirit of fun, she had arranged the things all around her sitting-room, to amuse her husband on his return from a hunting expedition. Letters reach the Empress, of course, when sent through the ordinary channels of the mail, if they contain anything worth notice; but all letters are opened first by a private secretary, and, it is needless to say, few find their way into the hands they are intended for. The household of the Empress consists of several ladies and gentlemen, who have various official duties; but those directly about her person are the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and their duty it is to attend her majesty in riding, walking, etc., to receive any visitors she does not care to see, and to transact personal business of the day.

It was during 1879 that I saw the Empress for the last time, and standing quite near her, observed the striking likeness to her mother, which since then is even more marked. The fairness and bloom of her youth have vanished, but, like the Queen, there is something peculiarly dignified or regal in her carriage, something in the pose of her head, or her gestures in speaking,

which gives her a distinction, redeeming her rather heavy and certainly plain looks. To those directly about her she is the most fascinating sort of a companion. Dr. Mackenzie declares she is the cleverest woman he has ever met, and her numerous friends in the literary and artistic world are no less prompt in their expressions of admiration for her brilliancy and genius. But with all her brilliancy her case is a sad one. One way or another her life was one of disappointment, with, however, the immense satisfaction of a leal, loving husband, who was her ideal of a man, and who, even in dying, developed such grand qualities, as to render him a source of greater pride and an object of deeper love. The fearful affliction which came upon them lifted up their hearts, and made her capable of writing that immortal telegram in which she announced his death to the Empress Augusta. She was always right-minded but self-willed. The pride of spirit was for years brought out by her drop down from England, where in her youth every one was wildly loyal to the Queen and her children, to prosaic, harsh, matter-of-fact Berlin, a capital bereft of poetry, without antiquity, and having no tradition but that of drill-sergeantism. Women were not held in honor, although the princesses of the house of Hohenzollern had for generations shown fine mental qualities. This to Queen Victoria's daughter was unendurable. She respected her mother, herself and her sex, and she set before her the task of ameliorating the condition of girls, as a way to the future elevation of Prussian women. Her Victoria Real-Schule was founded when she was quite a young woman. She found the model in Paris when she came there at the age of

twenty-eight to study the Universal Exhibition held in 1867. She also sedulously educated herself to play a great part as a Liberal Prussian Queen and German Empress. Nobody ever took more pains with her mind and motives, and so far as she could she carried theory into action. She felt that women were great through true wifehood and motherhood, and was her husband's companion in all but his military duties, and not only the instructress but the fellow-student of her daughters. The consciousness of her capacities was strong in her. She was too good and upright to wish for the death of the old Emperor. But she looked forward to it and had great ambition, as well an ambition in itself great, to fill with renown the station of Empress-Consort.

In the ordinary course of things she would have come to the throne before she was middle-aged. But the abnormal longevity of Emperor William kept the crown from her reach until she was forty-eight, and more than fifty-eight in feeling. The Imperial Crown was only a crown of thorns. However, she gained through the coronation of sorrow a moral position which she could have never otherwise had. Even in harsh Berlin there is a reaction in her favor, and all are in sympathy with her. She is very rich. As Princess Royal of England, Empress Dowager, Empress Mother, a wife of sorrows, a woman of a right mind and an upright heart, she is perhaps a better instrument for doing good than were she an Empress-Consort, fettered with officialities, and a butt to the hatred of baffled intriguers. With her rank, money, intellect, experience, prestige and mind, she may win for herself a glorious name in patronizing arts, and promoting works of charity and social reform.

## THE EXECUTIONER.

BY HONORE DE BALZAC.

THE clock in the steeple of the little church in the city of Menda had just struck twelve midnight. At that moment a young French officer, leaning upon the wall of a long terrace that bordered the gardens of the chateau of Menda, appeared to be plunged in meditation more profound than is consistent with the carelessness of a military life.

But it must be admitted that never were hour, place, and night more favorable for reflection. A beautiful Spanish sky made an azure dome above his head. The twinkling stars and the soft moonlight illuminated an enchanting valley that spread itself coquettishly at his feet.

Leaning against an orange-tree in blossom, the chief of battalion could see, a hundred feet below him, the city of Menda, which seemed to have sheltered itself from the north winds at the foot of the rock on which the chateau was built. Turning his head, he saw the sea, whose sparkling waters framed the landscape with a wide silver band. The chateau was illuminated. The joyous tumult of a ball, the strains of an orchestra, the laugh of officers and their partners reached him, mingled with the distant murmur of the waves. Fatigued by the heat of the day, he felt inspired with energy by the freshness of the night. And finally, the gardens were planted with trees so fragrant and flowers so sweet that the young man found himself as if plunged in a perfumed bath.

The chateau of Menda belonged to a Spanish grandee, who at this moment dwelt in it with his family. During the whole evening the elder of the daughters had regarded the officer with an interest so full of sadness that the sentiment of compassion expressed by the Spanish girl might well cause the Frenchman's reverie.

Clara was beautiful, and although she had three brothers and one sister, the possessions of the Marquis of Léganès appeared to be sufficiently large to inspire the belief in Victor Marchand that the young woman would have a rich wedding portion.

But how could he think that the daughter of the man that was most conscious of his own greatness in all Spain would be given to the son of a Paris grocer? Moreover, the French were hated. The Marquis, having been suspected by Gen. G—t—r, who ruled the province, of plotting an uprising in favor of Ferdinand VII., the battalion commanded by Victor Marchand had been quartered in the village of Menda in order to hold in check the surrounding country, which was under the rule of Marquis de Léganès.

A recent dispatch from Marshal Ney had created a fear that the English might shortly disembark on that coast, and designated the Marquis as a man that held communication with the cabinet council in London. Thus, notwithstanding the cordiality with which Victor Marchand and his soldiers had been received by the Spaniard, the young officer was constantly on his guard.

In turning his steps toward this terrace, from whence he examined the condition of the town and the country confided to his surveillance, he asked himself how to interpret the friendship that the Marquis had not ceased to show him, and how the tranquillity of that region was to be reconciled with the uneasiness of his general.

But for a moment these thoughts had been driven from the mind of the young commander by a sentiment of prudence and by a legitimate curiosity. He had just perceived a large number of lights in the town. Notwithstanding the festival of St. John's, he had given orders that every morning all the lights should be extinguished at the hour prescribed in his regulations. The chateau alone had been exempted from obeying this order. He saw the glitter of his soldiers' bayonets here and there; but a solemn silence lay over all, and there were no indications that the Spaniards had delivered themselves up to intoxication by reason of the festival.

After having sought to explain to himself this infraction of his orders, by which the inhabitants of the city had rendered them-

selves liable, he found this fault the more inexplicable as he had left the night police in charge of his officers. With the impetuosity of youth, he hastened out through a breach in the rampart in order to descend the rocks precipitately, and thus reach a small post near the entrance of the town more quickly than he could by the usual road. He suddenly stopped in his course, thinking he heard the sand in the walks near the chateau creak under the light step of a woman's foot. He turned his head, but saw nothing.

His eyes, however, were attracted by an extraordinary brilliancy on the ocean. He there saw, all at once, a spectacle so sinister that he remained motionless with surprise, doubting the accuracy of his senses. The bright light of the moon permitted him to distinguish sails at a long distance out. He shivered and sought to convince himself that this vision was merely an optical illusion created by the moon and the sea. At that moment a hoarse voice pronounced the officer's name, and, looking toward the breach, he saw the head of the soldier by whom he had been accompanied to the chateau slowly rising above the wall.

"Is that you, my commander?"

"Yes; well?" the young man replied in a low voice.

A sort of presentiment admonished him to proceed cautiously.

"These rascals are wriggling about like worms, and I will hasten, if you will allow me, to communicate my observations to you."

"Speak," responded Victor Marchand.

"I have just followed a man from the house who went in this direction with a lantern in his hand. A lantern is terribly suspicious! I do not believe that a Christian has any need of lighted tapers at this hour. 'They want to destroy us,' I said to myself, and began to follow his footsteps. And so I came to discover, a short distance from here, a heap of fagots upon the rocks—"

A terrible uproar resounded from the town all at once and interrupted the soldier. A flash illumined the commander for an instant and the poor grenadier fell dead with a bullet in his brain. A fire of straw and dry wood began to burn brightly not more than ten paces from the youth. The music and

the laughter ceased in the dancing-hall. A silence as of death, interrupted by groans, had suddenly replaced the merry tumult of the festival. The boom of cannon re-echoed from the ocean. A cold perspiration stood upon the brow of the young officer. He was without his sword. He comprehended that his soldiers had perished and that the English were debarking.

He saw himself dishonored if he survived, tried by court-martial; then he measured the depth of the valley with his eye, and was on the point of rushing forward when Clara's hand seized his own.

"Flee," she said, "my brothers are following me to kill you. At the foot of the rock you will find a saddle-horse. Go!"

She gave him a push and the young man, stupefied, looked at her for a moment; but, obeying the instinct of self-preservation, which never leaves a man, he darted down into the park, taking the direction indicated, and ran over the rocks along which only the goats had hitherto leaped. He heard Clara urging her brothers to pursue him; he heard the steps of the assassins; he heard the balls of several discharges whistle past his ears; but he reached the valley, found the horse, mounted it, and disappeared with the rapidity of a flash of lightning.

The young officer arrived at the quarters of Gen. G—t—r in a few hours. He was at dinner with his staff.

"I bring you my head," cried the chief of battalion, pale and exhausted.

He seated himself and related the horrible adventure. His recital was received with a frightful silence.

"You are more unfortunate than criminal," the terrible general replied at last. "You are not accountable for the crime of the Spaniards, and, unless the marshal shall decide otherwise, I absolve you."

These words afforded but little consolation to the unhappy officer.

"When the Emperor comes to know this!" he exclaimed.

"He would have you shot," said the general; "but we shall see. However, let us talk no more about this," he added in a severe tone. "We must arrange the disaster in such a way as to impress a salutary horror among the Spanish people in this region, where war is carried on in the manner of savages."

An hour later a whole regiment, a detachment of cavalry, and a convoy of artillery were under way. The general and Victor marched at the head of the column. The soldiers, informed of the massacre of their comrades, were filled with unprecedented fury. The distance that separated the city of Menda and the general's head-quarters was traversed with marvelous rapidity. The general found whole villages along the route under arms. Each one of these unfortunate boroughs was invested and its inhabitants slaughtered.

By one of those inexplicable fatalities, the English vessels had remained lying to without advancing. Thus the city of Menda, deprived of the defenders that she expected and that the appearance of the English sails seemed to promise her, was surrounded almost without striking a blow. The inhabitants, seized with terror, offered to surrender at once unconditionally. The assassins of the French, foreseeing from the cruelty of the general that Menda would probably be burned and the entire population put to the sword, proposed to deliver themselves up to the French commander, a self-sacrifice which was not rare in the peninsula in those days.

The general accepted their offer on condition that the inmates of the chateau, from the lowest servant to the Marquis, should also be given into his hands. This condition accepted, the general promised to spare the rest of the inhabitants, and to restrain his soldiers from pillaging and burning the city. An enormous indemnity was levied, and the richest citizens became hostages to guarantee its payment, which was to be effected within the next twenty-four hours.

The general took every precaution for the safety of his troops, provided for the defense of the territory, and refused to lodge his soldiers in the houses of the Spaniards. After he had caused his army to camp, he ascended to the chateau and took military possession of it. The members of the family of Léganès, together with the domestics, were carefully removed from sight, bound and placed in the hall where the ball had taken place. From the windows of this room the terrace, which commanded the city, was easily overlooked. The general's staff was installed in a gallery near by, and here the commander first held a council over the

measures to be adopted for preventing the landing of the enemy. After having sent an aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney, ordered that batteries be planted along the coast, the general and his staff turned their attention to the prisoners. Two hundred Spaniards, whom the inhabitants had delivered up, were immediately shot upon the terrace. After this military execution, the general ordered as many gallows to be erected as there were people in the hall of the chateau, and sent for the city executioner.

Victor Marchand took advantage of the time that elapsed before dinner to go and see the prisoners. He soon returned to the general.

"I hasten," he said in a voice full of emotion, "to ask favors of you."

"You?" replied the general, in a tone of biting irony.

"Alas! I ask sad favors. The Marquis, seeing the gallows erected, hopes that you will not employ this sort of punishment for his family, and prays that you will decapitate the nobility."

"So be it," replied the general.

"They also ask that they may be permitted to receive religious consolation and that their bonds may be removed. They promise not to attempt flight."

"I consent," said the general; "but I shall hold you accountable."

"The old man, moreover, offers you his whole fortune, if you will pardon his young son."

"Indeed!" responded the chief. "His possessions already belong to King Joseph."

He stopped, and his brow became wrinkled with disdain. He added:

"I will surpass their desire. I comprehend the importance of his last request. Ah, well! let him purchase eternity for his name, but let Spain remember his treason and his punishment forever. I will grant life and his father's fortune to that one of his sons that shall perform the duties of the executioner. Go, and speak to me no more."

Dinner was served. The officers, seated at table, satisfied appetites that fatigue had incited. Only one among them, Victor Marchand, was wanting at the banquet. After having hesitated a long time, he entered the hall where the proud family of Léganès were lamenting. He cast sad



glances upon the spectacle now presented by the salon where, so short a time before, he had seen the heads of the three young men and the two young women merrily whirling in the dance. He shuddered to think that soon they would fall, severed from their bodies by the sword of the executioner.

Seated upon their gilded chairs, father, mother, the three sons, and the two daughters remained in complete immobility. Eight servants were standing about with their hands tied behind their backs. These fifteen persons looked at one another gravely, and their eyes scarcely betrayed the feelings by which they were dominated. A profound resignation, regret at having failed in their undertaking, was depicted in some faces. Motionless soldiers, who respected the sorrow of their cruel enemies, guarded them.

A movement of curiosity was manifested when Victor appeared. He ordered the condemned to be relieved of their bonds and went himself to undo the cords that held Clara a prisoner upon her chair. She smiled sadly. The officer could not resist the temptation of lightly touching her arm as he admired her dark hair and lithe form. She was a true Spaniard, with Spanish eyes and eyelashes, blacker than a raven's wing.

"Did you succeed?" she asked, directing one of those sorrowful smiles upon him in which there was still something of the young girl.

Victor could not help groaning. He looked at the three brothers and at Clara in turn. One of the sons, the oldest, was thirty years of age. Small, ill-formed, with a proud and disdainful mien, he was still not without a certain nobility of manner, nor was he a stranger to that delicacy of feeling that formerly made Spanish gallantry so celebrated. His name was Juanito. The second, Philippe, was about twenty years old. He resembled Clara. The youngest was eight years of age. A painter would have found in Manuel's features a little of that Roman constancy that David has given to the children in his republican pages. The head of the aged Marquis was covered with white hair, which seemed as if it might have escaped from a portrait by Murillo.

At this sight the young officer shook his head, as if despairing of seeing the general's proposal accepted by any one of these four

personages. Nevertheless he ventured to confide it to Clara. She shuddered at first, but soon regained her calmness and went and kneeled before her father.

"Oh," she said to him, "cause Juanito to swear that he will faithfully obey the commands that you give him, and we will be content."

The marchioness trembled with hope, but when, leaning toward her husband, she heard Clara's horrible words, she fainted. Juanito understood all, and he bounded up like a lion in a cage.

Victor took upon himself to send away the soldiers, after having obtained a promise of entire submission from the Marquis. The servants were taken away and delivered over to the executioner, who hanged them. When Victor was the only guard over the family, the old man arose.

"Juanito!" he said.

Juanito only replied with a turning aside of his head, equivalent to a refusal, and, sinking back upon the chair, looked at his relatives with dry but terrible eyes. Clara went and seated herself upon his knees.

"My dear Juanito," she said, passing her arm around his neck and kissing him, "if you only knew how sweet death will be to me when suffered for you! Then the odious hands of the executioner will not touch me. You will save me from the evils that would attend me and—my good Juanito, you would not see me in anybody's hands—"

Her velvety eyes cast a fiery look upon Victor, as if to revive in Juanito's heart his horror of the French.

"Have courage," said his brother Philippe to him; "otherwise, our race, almost royal, will become extinct."

Clara arose suddenly, the group that had gathered about Juanito separated, and the son, rightly rebellious, saw standing before him his aged father, who exclaimed, in a solemn tone:

"Juanito, I command you to do this."

The young count remained immovable. His father fell upon his knees before him. Involuntarily Clara, Manuel, and Philippe imitated his example. All extended their hands toward him who could save the family from extinction, and seemed to repeat the paternal words:

"My son, should you now lack the energy of a Spaniard and true sensibility? Can

you leave me here on my knees for a long time, and can you now take your own life and your own sufferings into consideration? Is he my son, madame?" the old man added, turning toward his wife.

"He consents," cried the mother in despair, seeing a movement of Juanito's brows whose meaning she alone understood.

Mariquita, the second daughter, retained her kneeling posture as she closed her mother in her feeble arms, and as she wept warm tears, her little brother Manuel came to reprove her.

At this moment the chaplain of the chateau entered, and he was at once surrounded and led before Juanito. Victor, unable longer to endure this scene, made a sign to Clara and hastened away to attempt a last effort in the prisoners' behalf with the general. He found the latter in good humor, in the midst of the feast, drinking with his officers, who were beginning to be hilarious.

One hour later, one hundred of the most notable citizens of Menda came upon the terrace, according to the order of the general, to be witnesses of the execution of the family of Léganès. A detachment of soldiers surrounded the Spaniards, who were ranged under the same gallows on which the servants had been hanged. The heads of these burghers almost touched the feet of these martyrs. At thirty paces from them arose a block and glittered a scimeter. The executioner was there, in case Juanito should refuse to perform his part. All at once the Spaniards heard, in the midst of a most profound silence, the steps of many people, the measured tramp of a detail of soldiers under march, and the light reports of their muskets. These various sounds were mingled with the joyous acclaims of the officers at their feast, as, not long before, the dancing at the ball had concealed the preparations for bloody treason. All eyes were turned toward the chateau, and the noble family was seen approaching with incredible composure. Every face was calm and serene. One man alone, pale and weak, supported himself upon the arm of the priest, who was offering the consolations of religion, and that man was the only one that was to live.

The executioner understood, as did all the others, that Juanito had accepted his place for a day. The old Marquis, his wife, Clara,

Mariquita, and the two brothers came and knelt a short distance from the fatal spot. Juanito was led by the priest, and when he reached the block the executioner took him aside and probably gave him certain instructions. The confessor placed the victims so that they should not see the executions, but they were true Spaniards and held themselves erect without feebleness.

Clara hastened first toward her brother.

"Have compassion on me for my little courage," she said, "and begin with me."

At that moment the hurrying steps of a man were heard. Victor arrived upon the scene. Clara was already kneeling; already her white neck was inviting the scimeter. The officer grew pale, but he found strength to hasten near.

"The general grants you your life if you will marry me," he said in a low voice.

She cast a glance full of disdain and pride upon the officer.

"Come, Juanito," she said in a deep voice.

Her head rolled at Victor's feet. A convulsive movement passed over her mother. It was the only sign of her sorrow.

"Am I as brave as that, my good Juanito?" asked the little Manuel of his brother.

"Ah, you weep, Mariquita," said Juanito to his sister.

"Oh, yes, I am thinking of you," replied the young girl, "you will be very unhappy without us."

Shortly the tall form of the Marquis appeared. He looked at the blood of his children, turned toward the silent, motionless spectators, extended his hand toward Juanito, and said in a strong voice:

"Spaniards, I give my son a father's benediction. Now, Marquis, strike without fear. You are without reproach."

But when Juanito saw his mother approaching, supported by the confessor, he cried:

"She bore me!"

His voice called forth a cry of horror from the assemblage. The noise of the festivity and the hilarious laughter of the officers died away in the presence of this terrible clamor. The marchioness, perceiving that her son's courage had failed, threw herself from the balustrade with one bound, and her head was shattered upon the rocks below. A cry of admiration arose. Juanito had fainted.

"General," said one of the half-intoxicated officers, "Marchand has just told me an incident of this execution that I will wager you did not order—"

"Do you forget, gentlemen," exclaimed Gen. G—t—r, "that in a month five hundred French families may be in tears and that we are in Spain? Do you wish that we should leave our bones here?"

After this appeal, no one, not even the sub-lieutenant, was found who dared to empty his glass.

Notwithstanding the regard in which he was held, notwithstanding the title of *el verdugo* (the executioner) which the King of Spain gave as a title of honor to the Marquis of Lézanès, he was consumed with grief; he lived alone and seldom showed himself to the world. Crushed under the burden of his noble crime, he seems to be impatiently awaiting the birth of a second son, that he may acquire the right to join the shadows with which he is accompanied for evermore.

### TO MY UNKNOWN PRETTY NEIGHBOR.

(SEEN DAILY ACROSS THE STREET.)

BY JOEL BENTON.

If I were you, and you were me,  
This is what the world should see:

You would dote upon my eyes  
With enraptured, mute surprise;  
Gaze upon my radiant, rare  
Curls of thick down-falling hair  
That—so deep and dark of hue—  
Might thrill a misogynist through  
By their lustrous, wavy show  
On a forehead white as snow.

You would note my willowy grace  
Of form,—and rosy, faultless face.  
Every motion that I make  
Would seem fashioned for thy sake;  
Nowhere could I step, or be,  
Without a pang came unto thee—  
Or enchantment's nameless power  
Fell upon thee as a dower.

You would wonder and adore,  
Doubt me inly—half implore;  
Sometimes dream of ecstasies,  
Or, despair anon would rise.  
You by heart-beats would discover  
All the torments of a lover,  
And beneath the world's eclipse  
Would swear devotion on my lips!

But, since it is plainly true  
I am I, and you are you,  
I pray you, sweet provoking miss,  
Transpose this vexed hypothesis,  
And, doing this, no more undo  
My heart—that thrills and beats for you?

## THE TRAPPER'S SWEETHEART.

BY JOHN VANCE CHERRY.

YOU'VE seen creeturs sudding lame,  
Git too near 'em an'—they're game!  
Her right over! an inch too near—  
Up and off is Nancy dear.

"Yes, Jake!" says she,  
"Laws sakes!" says she,  
Jest accordin' to her fancy:  
That's it perzactly, that's my Nancy.

Oh! a gal's a cunnin' thing!  
You must take 'em on the wing—  
I'll be goin'; for, ye see,  
Nancy, she's expectin' me.

I'll hit or miss her,  
It's quits or kiss her;  
I'm for facts, while she's for fancy;  
That's us *dizactly*—me and Nancy.

## THE HEART OF COLORADO.—(PART I.)

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### First Paper.

#### I.



It is probable that if, you should quote to a Gunnison man, Thoreau's remark: "As a true patriot I should be ashamed to believe that Adam, in Paradise, was more favorably situated, on the whole, than a backwoodsman in this country," he would find great sense in it. He would probably coincide with an energetic "You bet!" which in *lingua Coloradensis* conveys a very strong asseveration.

"Why," he would protest, "it's certain-sure the greatest country that lies outdoors. It's as big as half a dozen of your States back East. It has the richest mines of gold and silver. It has hills of coal and forests of timber. It has kingdoms of grass for cattle, empires of valleys howling and weeping to be ploughed, and rivers just

ready to strike because there ain't mill-wheels enough (and never can be) to keep 'em busy. It has iron and clay and marble, and a climate that would make you think the islands of the blessed lay right down the creek there. And scenery? *Great Jupiter!* There's just scenery till you can't rest!"

If you, my reader, have been to Colorado—this new Western Colorado—you will know that I do not exaggerate the pride a Gunnison man has in his region, and the sunrise-glories in which, to his eye, every ragged rock, each barren beach of gravel, and all the wormwood-bordered alkali flats are steeped, equally with the good land.

But if you have not been "over the range," you will ask: Where is this wonderful place?

It is in the heart of Colorado, west of the continental watershed of the Rocky Mountains, and midway the State north and south. Out there they speak of it merely as a valley; but within its bounds you might lay the whole State of Massachusetts. This is an estimate of area. On the other hand you might put the whole population and

available wealth of this big valley into the Bay State without anybody knowing it. Wait a century, however, and then try it.

The Indians who, until the last two years, thought as well of it in their way as the white usurpers do now, had various ways of reaching its sunny nooks; but the ordinary entrance for us is by the railway over Marshall Pass. This railway is that courageous narrow-gauge line, the Denver and Rio Grande, whose feats of engineering have astonished the world. It runs from Denver 120 miles, down the foot of the Front (or easternmost) range of the Rocky Mountains to Pueblo, before it can find a passage through the mountains into the interior. And what a passage that is! Pueblo is on the banks of the Arkansas River, which at that point throws off its very last fetters, comes to its majority as it were, and pursues in mature sobriety its long course across the Kansas plains and through the Arkansas forests on its way to its *nirvana* in the Mississippi. Above Pueblo the river valley is hemmed in by hills and rocky walls for forty miles, and as you ascend it along the tracks that follow its shore, you get better and better glimpses of the great mountains, but no clearer comprehension of how the stream passes the mighty barrier, since no sign of any depression appears. At Cañon City you are close under the mountains, and still you see no way through. Ten minutes later you find it.

Following the river, the train has entered, as suddenly as into a gateway, a chasm in the solid mountain wall, out of which the current comes sweeping,

"Strong and free, strong and free,  
The flood-gates are open away to the sea;  
Free and strong, free and strong,  
Cleansing my sands as I hurry along,  
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,  
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar."

It is only a moment before the vertical cliffs of this cañon are towering two thousand feet on each side. You can see only a few rods before or behind, because of the

incessant zigzagging of the great crevice. The walls chant and resound in unison with the mingled roar of the train and the turbulent water, which, though a stream, you may almost leap, yet fills the cañon so nearly full that there is scarcely room left for the road-bed. In one place, where, when you look up, the narrow sky seems like a long blue streamer flung from the granite pinnacles that crown the brink of the tremendous wall, there is no space whatever to spare for a trackway. The railroad has therefore been suspended upon an iron bridge, laid lengthwise the current; and this bridge hangs by steel rods underneath two rafters braced against the faces of the closely approximated cliffs, for it would not do to check the current by founding piers.

Thus, first on one side and then on the other of the foaming stream, dodging about the protruding buttresses, and awaking troops of shrieking echoes at every curve, the Royal Gorge is passed, and the cañon slowly lessens until it is wholly left behind, and the broad valley of the Upper Arkansas lies before, with the glorious array of the Saguache mountains rearing their clustered heads on the opposite side.

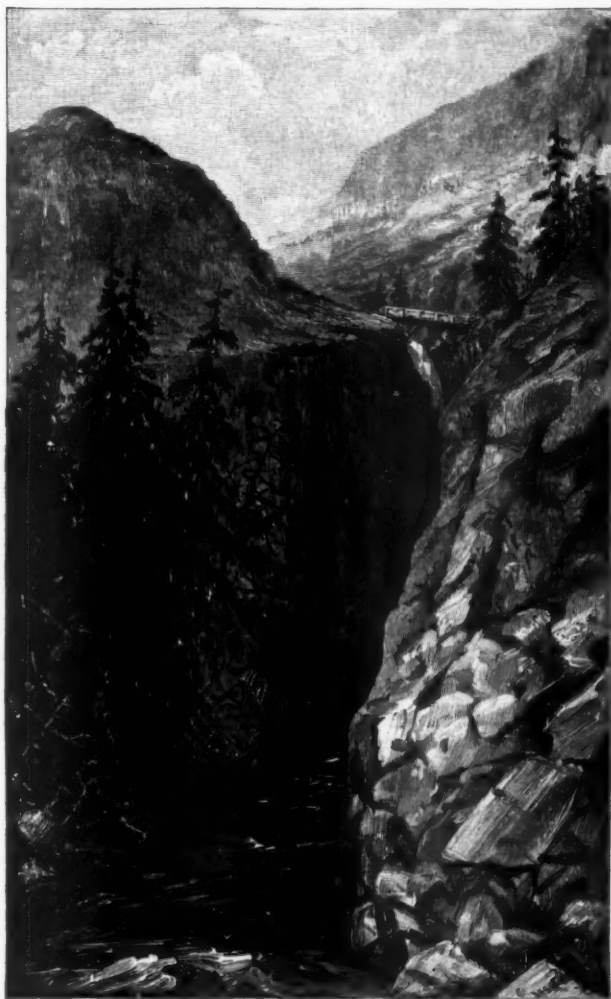
This Saguache, or the "Collegiate" range, is a part of the dividing watershed between the drainage of the Atlantic and Pacific. Northward lie the Elks (having the West Elks as a spur to the westward), and various other more or less distinct parts which carry the line of the central system northward. Southward occurs a break, beyond which the Navajo or La Garita range bends westward in the great curve which ends at the head of the Rio Grande, among the groups of mountains whose longest axis is east and west and which form the Sierra Madre of the old geographies and the San Juan range of Coloradoans. Our path leads right over this Saguache range to the western divide. But we shall get among the continental heights again, where they uphold the silver-hoarding spires of Sierra San Juan.

## II.

Marshall Pass, by which the main range of the Rockies is crossed, is a great railway ladder. I do not propose to describe it—a

whole article by itself would be needed for that. At its foot you are six thousand feet above the sea level; at its summit you are





CAÑON OF THE UNCOMPAHGRE

ten thousand; yet on either side weather-beaten peaks rise nearly four thousand feet above your head. If you will carelessly toss a cord down upon the floor (only guarding against its making any crossed loops) you will have a fair idea of the way the track runs here. It is always a steep grade upward, but then to attain the regularity of ascent the train must go away up to the head of the deep indentations, and

skirt the outermost rim of the headlands. There are no tunnels, except the semblance made by the long snow-sheds; few deep cuttings or bridges. It is simply a winding trail, accomplishing, by many and devious turnings, the required ascent of 217 feet to the mile, shown by a straight line on the profile from the Arkansas plains to the summit of the pass, and down again to the valley of the Tomichi on the western side.



ALONG THE TOMICHI

Sometimes you can look out of the window at two or three tracks below and two or three more above—the steps you have come and those which remain; but intervening links are invisible, and you wonder how you are to attain those successively higher levels. From one spot on the western slope six of these tracks are seen at once down the opening made by a great ravine which the road crosses and recrosses. This side is a kaleidoscope of far-reaching views, changing with each moment, for your headlight turns to every point of the compass in its doublings; and while you



A RAILWAY CUTTING

admire the sky-kissed heights above, you may turn and tremble at the awful depths just below. It is a railway in midair.

### III.

Though the great attraction of Marshall Pass is the vast breadth of landscape its height exposes to view—for the scenery close at hand does not startle one into surprised admiration as does that at Toltec Gorge, Fremont Pass, Las Animas cañon, or several other elevated points in the course of this wide-wandering railway—yet one gets a more distinct impression of the mountain geography of this part of Colorado by leaving the railway at Sapinero, a station about sixty miles west, and going up upon the plateau that lies between the Cochetopa and the Lake Fork (of the Gunnison) rivers. This is easily done, for the stage-road to Lake City crosses it; and also

the wagon-road which in former days was one of the paths to Salt Lake and California, by the way of Taos and the Spanish settlements on the Rio Grande.

From the height of this plateau a great map of the country round about is opened to the eye—a country of wide uplands, swelling into magnificent mountains and seamed with abyssmal cañons. These adjectives are large, but this is one of the few topics where superlatives are not out of place.

Eastward, confused elevations, culminating in the twin domes of Exchequer and Ouray, show where Marshall Pass carries its lofty avenue. Beyond, northward, the

heights of the continental divide stand clustered in the foreshortened perspective, as far as the Mount of the Holy Cross; while westward of them the white peaks of the Elk range parade in a long line of well-separated summits. To the left near hills limit the view, beyond the broken valley of the upper Gunnison, which lies almost at our feet. In the east, from Marshall Pass southward, stretches the splendid array of the Sierra Sangre de Cristo, filling beautifully the far distant horizon, and ending southward in the massive buttresses of Sier-

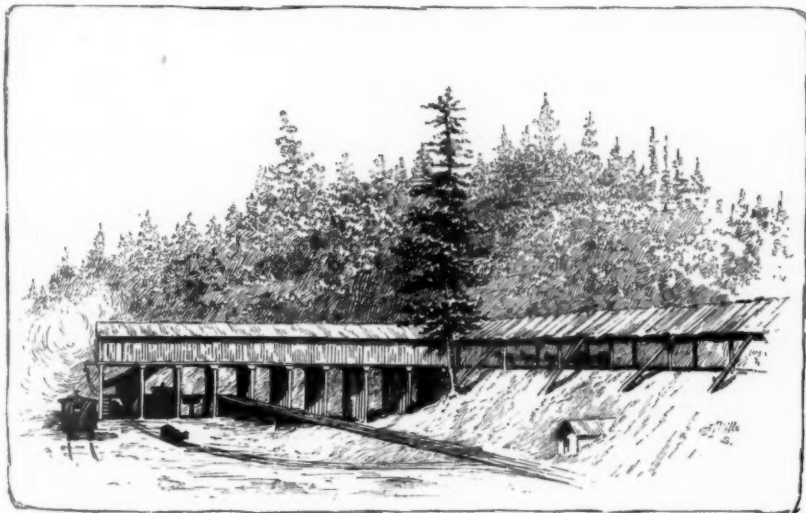
ra Blanca. It is the highest of Colorado's mountains, and no more impressive view can be had of it than this standpoint affords. As we advance other peaks rise in the southward above the ridges of the plateau. These are the cold and broken summits of the volcanic San Juan, while isolated, and a little to the right, stands the Saul of their ranks, Uncompahgre, head and shoulders above all his comrades; nor is this figure an idle comparison, for his tennon-shaped figure easily suggests it.

#### IV.

Conducting the melting of their constant snows, a dozen large streams, each the union of many rivulets, trend downward from the wide circle of mountains I have shown you (excepting the Sangre de Cristo, which lie beyond the watershed) to pour their waters through the channel of the Gunnison. To this stream alone do the mountains grant an exit westward out of their vast amphitheatre; just as, on the eastern slope, the drainage of the whole great area between the Main range and the Front range must pay toll of carving to the Royal Gorge. From the north come the many streams that form Taylor River, draining the south-

ern slopes of the Elk Mountains; from the east the gathered creeks that unite in Tomichi and bring the snowfall of the Saguache; from the south the beautiful Lake Fork, full to the lips with San Juan's crystal fountains.

The valley of the Tomichi (Tomeechee) offers a straight course for the Denver and Rio Grande Railway from Marshall Pass to the western lowlands, and along its course we race swiftly through the fresh morning. Craggs, gloomy forest, and the loneliness of unbounded space, have been left behind. Rounded velvety hills, rising from green meadows; river-bottoms, packed with wil-



COVERED COAL TRAMWAY AT CRESTED BUTTE

lows and rushes, whence come the cheery voices of frogs and birds, encompass us, and the sunshine is bright and warm. New log cabins, with temporary thatched stables in their rear, stand under the edge of the dry

Forty miles below its head the Tomichi pushes aside the hills and emerges into a somewhat circular plain several miles in width, where it joins with the Lake Fork, and a little later with the Taylor River,



HUNTERS' CAMP ON THE GRAND MESA

benches, or occupy more pleasantly the centre of the little prairies where the natural hay grows tall and rank; while here and there a fenced field and irrigating ditches show the beginnings of agriculture. All is warm, peaceful and luxuriant—a snug resting-place whence an hour's climbing will bring you into the presence of the awe-stirring divinity of a hundred mountains.

bringing the confluent waters from the north to make our noble river—the Gunnison. The whole drainage of the environment ranges centres here, and hence the whole wide region is spoken of as the valley of the Gunnison, or "The Gunnison Country," until it disappears, one hundred and eighty miles west of the mountains, in the valley of the Grand.

#### V.

The human history of this region, apart from the red aborigines, is brief but adventurous. Early in the century Spanish priests and American fur-trappers had at rare intervals penetrated the fastnesses of those mountains. In 1845 ex-Governor Gilpin of this State, then a mere lad, traversed the entire length of the river valley on his return from Oregon to St. Louis, pursued relentlessly by the Indians, and the map he made from his observations is now on file in Denver. At that time, also, the Mormons were exploring their neighborhood, and sent scouts as far eastward as this, and much farther southward. In 1853 Captain Gunnison's party followed the river up to the Tomichi, then up that stream and the

Cochetopa until they crossed into San Luis Park; but the gallant officer was murdered, Indians and Mormons getting the credit of the deed. The next year General Fremont passed over nearly the same route from west to east, and thereafter it became known as the Salt Lake Wagon Road, while the name Gunnison was given to the river that previously had been vaguely styled the South Fork of the Grand. In 1861 gold diggers from California Gulch, where Leadville now stands, passed through to the western slope of the Elk Mountains and named some of the streams. They were in just fear of the Indians, who massacred twelve men at one camp and effectually scared back the miners. Nevertheless a few stayed and worked

the placers in the odd moments when they were not fighting redskins or hunting game to support life. In 1872 the Rock Creek region was settled, and meanwhile an Indian agency had been established on the upper Cochetopa, which I myself visited in 1874. That year Hayden's survey sent a party far into the district to make maps of its topography and geology, and a company of men from Denver was organized to go to the valley as farmers; while prospectors ere this had worked their way through to the northern gulches of the Sierra San Juan, and stockmen were encroaching from Utah.

Nearly the whole of the region, however, was still the reservation of the Utes, and white men were forbidden to enter it. The Indians saw them swarming about the edges, became alarmed, jealous and angry,

and war was imminent. This was averted by the usual plan. The Indian was forced to sell out his reservation and move away from his ancestral home to a remoter region in the north, which, as yet, is uncoveted by the whites. Then, with a rush, the Colorado people went in to possess the new land. In the summer of 1879 I was told that it would be a foolhardy waste of life to go down the river; in 1881 I went to the city of Gunnison in a Pullman car, and found the morning paper awaiting me with the news of the world. Two years more have passed and this railway has been continued on across the deserts to Ogden and so through to San Francisco; a second railway penetrates the upper valley, and the whole region is haunted by miners, farmers and cattle-growers, supporting half a dozen towns.

## VI.

The largest town is Gunnison. It has six or seven thousand people, and proposes to be the Denver of Western Colorado. Two or three other railway towns profess the same ambition, and which will win remains to be seen. Up to this time Gunnison is far ahead. She stands in the middle of the little plain I have spoken of, where the

converging tributaries meet to make the single-minded Gunnison, and she has plenty of room to grow. Her streets, broad, straight, natural roadways in the gravelly soil, run at right angles to one another, and the blocks of buildings succeed each other in squares beautifully regular and—monotonous. Her business streets are built up



AN EARLY RANCH ON THE GUNNISON



largely in brick and handsome white stone; she has stately edifices for court-house, public schools, churches, a very lofty and showy hotel, an opera-house and not a few expensive and ornamental residences. Along the curbs in all her streets run the open ditches seen in all mountain towns, which nourish the roots of many miles of young shade-trees; while underneath are strung the mains for hydrant water brought from the cañon, and pipes for illuminating gas. She has various manufactories, large railway shops, banks, newspapers and clubs, and does an extensive wholesale business through all the mountain districts. As a railway centre, she has the Denver and Rio Grande, east and west; its branch line to Crested Butte and a promised line to Lake City. Here also is the terminus of the South Park railway. She has got out of the first rough stage, and in ten years will undoubtedly look solidified and town-like, even to the eye of an outsider who compares these settlements, not with each other (which would be greatly to Gunnison's advantage) but with the towns upon the Atlantic coast with which, of course, there is no proper comparison possible. On the whole, everybody must admit that Gunnison is as attractive as it could be made, where everything is perfectly new, flat, square, treeless and utterly lacking in sentiment or homelike suggestion.

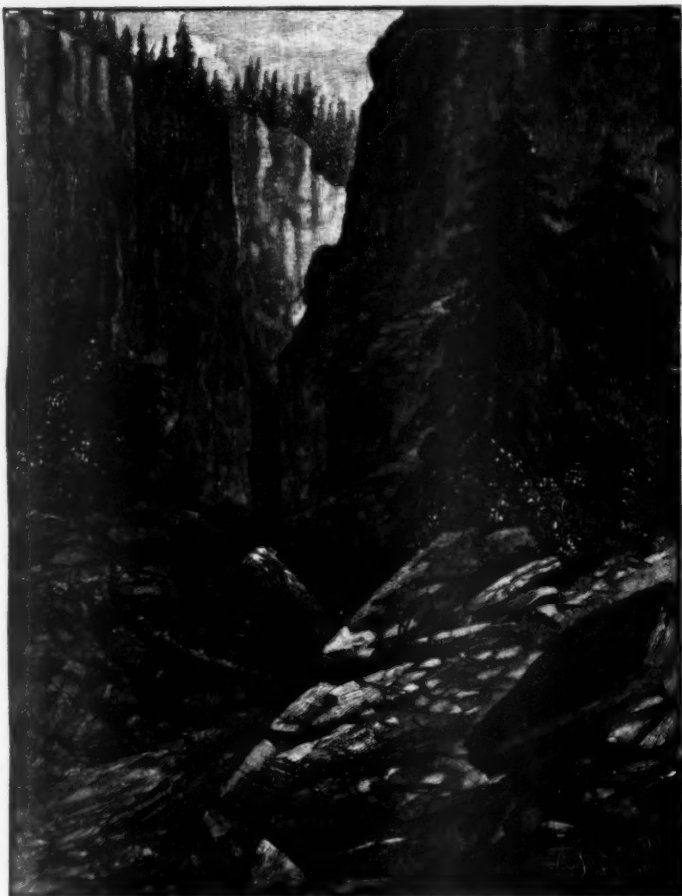
Lesser towns are Lake City and Ouray, with about one thousand people each, in the mountains southward; Crested Butte, with six or seven hundred people, supplying a circle of mining camps northward; Montrose, 63; Delta, 85, and Grand Junction, 135 miles, respectively, farther west on the railway. The first three are in mining districts, and look pretty much alike; the rest stand in the midst of valley lands, and closely resemble each other and the earlier scenes in Gunnison.

The mountain towns are set in narrow quarters, and you go uphill along the principal street, which is formed by a double row of frame buildings, with battlemented fronts, in which are interspersed a few bigger structures of brick or stone, with more relics of last year in the shape of log cabins. A few side-streets show the cabins—now somewhat warped and shaky—more plainly,

and beyond, the houses of the citizens, plain little cottages, many of hewn logs or part frame and part logs, with perhaps a "doby" here and there. Among them are a few more pretentious, having bay-windows and a picket fence, with an attempt at a lawn, and plenty of flowers in the windows. It is plain that trees grew upon the town-site at first, but they have been nearly all cut down, and nothing interrupts the view straight up toward the rocky walls and closely crowding foothills, "spiked with firs," under which the grimy sheds of a disused smelter stand in ugly distinctness, and where a few mine entrances can be seen. The streets are filled with trains of *burros*, loaded with packs of provisions for the mountain camps, and at night the drowning cry of the cord-dealers and the yells of hilarious prospectors resound through the darkness, but do not worry respectable sleepers, who know it is "nothing but the boys having a little racket."

The valley towns are even simpler in their elements. They consist of rough little buildings, with here and there a conspicuously bigger or better one, set in even ranks right out on the glaring sage-brush flats, coated with summer dust, and surrounded by a thin forest of leafless poles and a maze of slender ditches, which show where shaded streets are intended to run as the town grows. But what palace, whose ornate architecture and lovely grounds now excite our admiration, ever looked well, when it was in the hands of the stonemason and before the gardner's spade had touched its parterres of flowers? Some of these towns will be as pleasant as Colorado Springs after they have had a little time for development.

Meanwhile they discount the future by pre-empting great titles, as ranchmen do quarter sections, trusting to the days that are to be to make good the hope, and doing all they can meanwhile to verify their vaunting predictions. Perhaps I have said this much before; but the same spirit recurs in new force whenever the restless humanity of the West reaches out and takes possession of a new district. This is the spirit which "booms" things, as they say here, and sometimes it takes queer forms of enterprise. For instance, the Town Site Com-



GORGE OF CAÑON CREEK, NEAR OURAY

pany of Grand Junction offered a prize of a silver communion service to the first religious society that would set up its Ebenezer there. The Methodists won it, and the service was duly engraved and delivered. Who shall say that New Colorado does not encourage the preaching of the Gospel?

The "Town Site Company," I ought to explain, for the benefit of some Eastern readers, is an association of men who make up their minds that a town should, would or could grow up at a certain point in a wild region whither civilization is tending, or whither a rush is expected, contingent

upon a certain event, like the discovery of precious metals or the completion of a railway. Under laws of the United States these men "take up" a certain area upon which to build their town, and proceed to put it into as presentable a shape as circumstances will admit, by surveying streets, indicating parks and reservations for public buildings—hospitals, churches, city hall, libraries and so on; by bringing water from the hills, planting shade-trees and perhaps building a big hotel. In many cases the railway is a partner and helps by concentrating operations at that point; indeed, the exigencies of railway construction and operation are

generally the most potent factors in deciding the locality.

The place plotted and the "company" on the ground, lively advertising begins. The floating frontier crowd rushes to the new spot, and a wild speculation in town-lots at once begins, prices being paid that have no relation to the intrinsic value of the property acquired, which, as yet, is worth next to nothing, but, like the wild-cat stocks of Wall Street, simply represent the amount a man is willing to stake on that particular card, or the rental he can afford for immediate use and opportunities.

Gunnison, as I have said, is away beyond this rough and critical stage; but when I was at Montrose and Grand Junction in the summer of 1883, they were only emerging from their first excitement. As I walked across the bare and baked level that stretched between the railway and the village—no matter which of the two—and passed along the busy streets, I felt sure I had been there before. Those small houses of logs, frame and canvas, of adobe and brick, drawn up in uneven ranks, mixed together big and little and equally devoid of fences, gardens or surroundings of any kind except the ubiquitous carpenter's chips, made a familiar picture. I had seen it not only in many places elsewhere in this State, but in New Mexico and in Texas, and all along the new Northern Pacific, from the Yellowstone to the Columbia. These new, *flat* towns are like awkward squads of raw recruits, before they are graded or uniformed or have settled into organization; but what drill and experience—trees and turf and cultivation, not to get too wide of my figure—will do for them in time, we had seen in Denver and Colorado Springs, and would be taught more markedly yet in Salt Lake City and the charming villages beside Lake Utah.

A day speedily comes when the tent is folded and put away in the garret of a neat new cottage, to be brought out again only

for fishing excursions to the trout haunted mountains; the mud-roofed log cabin, dark and dirty, is torn down and lights the fires in the bright home that replaces it; the "doby" crumbles unheeded, while the solid brick structure beside it rears enduring walls; the spaces along the business street fill up, and the proudest "blocks" of a year ago, are to-day thrown into the background and seem miserably small and inadequate. This is not a picture of what might, or ought to, occur, but the actual history of every frontier town that succeeds at all. There is a moral in the custom which in Colorado calls every new settlement a "camp," until, like Leadville, it has proved its right to be called a town.

These are the thoughts that occur to us as we saunter about the dusty streets, and point out to one another the queer makeshifts for home and housekeeping, the simple beginnings of business, setting appearances at naught and regarding new means too humble that help toward better results. No democracy equals that of these new towns. As yet the mansions have not risen on the hill, nor have hovels huddled in the hollow. Equality of humble circumstances reduces everybody to a level in outward appearance. If a man has money or education or fame above his fellows, it is not manifested in his home or his clothes. The sharp young lawyer, the studious physician, the skilful engineer, the acute man of business, all dwell in tents and cabins and shanties, with their wives keeping house in a back-room or overhead, not half so well lodged, perhaps as the liquor-sellers, gamblers and blacklegs of both sexes who follow in the wake of legitimate enterprise, and for a little while fatten on the restless tide of pioneers. It is not long, however, in such a town as Grand Junction—far more rapidly there than in a mining centre—before these pests of society, for whom ostentation is capital, are grubbed out and perish like the cactus and sage.

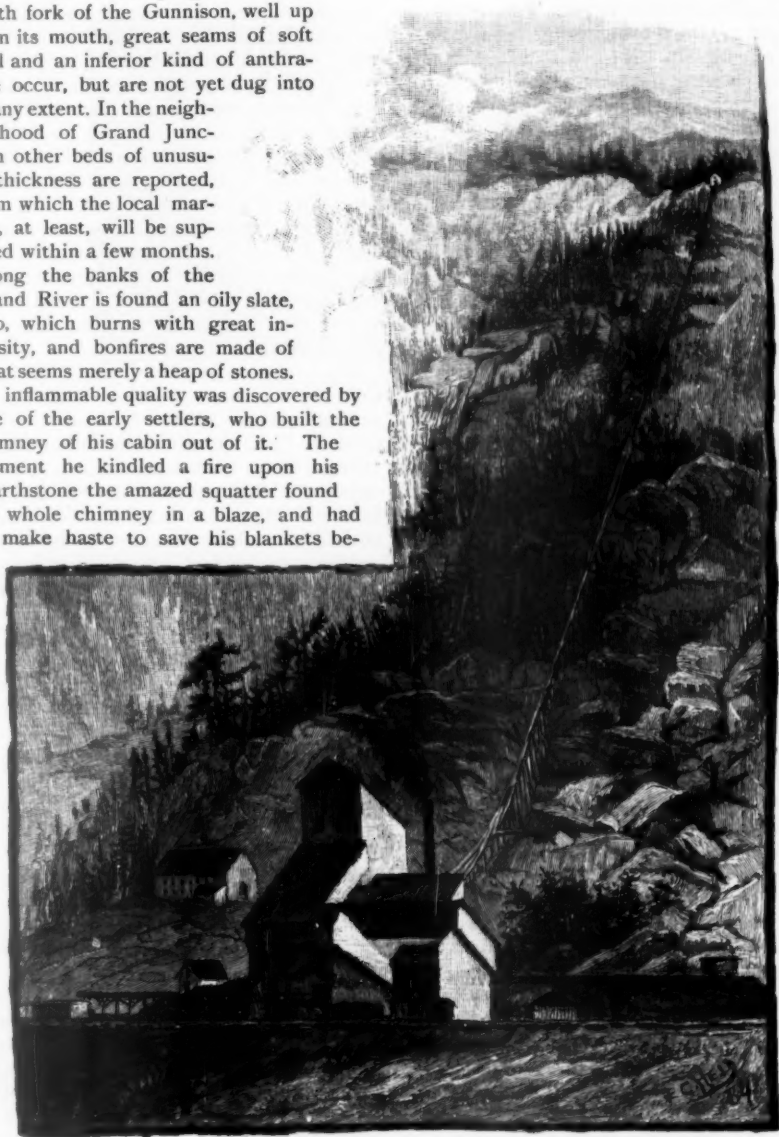
## VII.

One resource of great consequence to all the townspeople of Western Colorado, and especially to those living at Gunnison, is the coal with which the region is so cop-

iously supplied. The chief point of production at present is at Crested Butte, twenty-eight miles north of Gunnison; but coal beds are scattered over the whole valley-

and are opened at various points. Near Cimarron are well-known deposits of soft coal. Montrose boasts beds of great thickness in two or three directions, and within a few miles of her, the best known being those of the Uncompahgre. On the north fork of the Gunnison, well up from its mouth, great seams of soft coal and an inferior kind of anthracite occur, but are not yet dug into to any extent. In the neighborhood of Grand Junction other beds of unusual thickness are reported, from which the local market, at least, will be supplied within a few months. Along the banks of the Grand River is found an oily slate, also, which burns with great intensity, and bonfires are made of what seems merely a heap of stones. Its inflammable quality was discovered by one of the early settlers, who built the chimney of his cabin out of it. The moment he kindled a fire upon his hearthstone the amazed squatter found his whole chimney in a blaze, and had to make haste to save his blankets be-

fore the cabin burned over his head. There was a house-warming for you! The people at once leaped to the conclusion, which elated them, that petroleum could be found by boring, as it has been at



ANTHRACITE BREAKER, NEAR CRESTED BUTTE, WITH MINE ON TOP OF THE HILL

Cañon City; but this has not yet been proved.

It is twenty-eight miles by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, from Gunnison, northward, to Crested Butte. The way lies up a river-gorge full of picturesqueness and a paradise for the angler. Splendid landscapes far in the southward open to view as you ascend. The eye spans with backward-pointing vision the verdant plain upon which the city is built, the rounded hills and square-cut mesas southward, and beholds, unknown miles beyond, a vast length of the ever magnificent Sierra San Juan. The peaks can be counted by dozens, but it would be rash to name with surety the separate points of the long serration. The heavens are clear, and the sun blazes down upon scores of miles of lofty snow-fields, the uniform purity of which, at this distance, seems broken only by the shadows the higher peaks throw upon their lowlier companions, and upon their own half-concealed sides. Gazing at them across the dim foreground of sage-plain, the middle scene of receding, intermingled, haze-obscured and bluish hills, their loveliness is laid away as a treasure of memory—as one of the most entrancing bits of landscape in Colorado.

Finally the narrow valley widens into a snug little basin among the hills which border upon the southern foot of the Elk range. Straight ahead, behind a green ridge a white conical mountain challenges admiration; and on the right a still nearer height—the Crested Butte—rises like a mighty pyramid of gray stone from a richly verdant base.

In this nook a pretty and substantial village stands "with peaky tops engrailed." There are mines in its neighborhood, but the *raison d'être* of the town is found in the coal-banks; and at night, when the blaze of the coke-ovens sheds a ruddy glare upon the overhanging woodlands and the snug town, one can appreciate the far-seeing expectations leading the people to say that they live in the Pittsburg of the West.

In the gorge of a creek south-west of the town five beds of coal have been cut through by the current. The lowest of these is ten feet in thickness, and the coal is bituminous, of the best quality for coking known in the United States. Its steam-

making power is also said to be very high. These mines are easily worked, and are the property of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company, an immense corporation operating mines at El Moro, Cañon City and several other places in Colorado and Utah, and running the great steel furnaces and rolling mills at Pueblo. These mines are now prepared for an output of four to five hundred tons a day, and employ forty or fifty miners who live with their families in log-houses under the eaves of the spruce-clad hill. Nearly all the output is converted into coke and goes to Denver, Pueblo and Leadville for the use of smelters and iron works. At first it was made in open pits, but now a long series of stone ovens has been constructed, to which the coal is brought on a tramway protected by sheds against the winter snows, which are excessively heavy in this locality.

These coal-beds can be traced without difficulty up Slate River, and are found in the opposite hills. As it is followed upward, however, the deposit gradually changes from bituminous to decided anthracite, which is found in Mt. Carbon, four miles above and a thousand feet higher. Different conditions of heat and pressure have made the same strata anthracitic in one place and bituminous in another a short distance off.

Hiring saddle-horses, the writer one day joined a party to go up to the anthracite mine. The road crossed the sinuous Slate River and its rank meadows, and afterward skirted the base of a green ridge, where a herd of donkeys were up to their bellies in grass and "posies," each one wearing an expression of incredulous amazement at his luck. Then the road passed a pretty grove of spruces on a knoll, dropping beyond to the shore of a pond whose waters were as clear and blue as the sky overhead. Rushes, interspersed with lily-like plants, bordered this lakelet, and in shallow places its surface was white with the tiny blossoms of a submerged water-weed, looking as if they had been blown there, and refused to sink.

Then came the steep flower-gardens on the hillside between the river bottom and the groves of aspen above, the like of which I never saw before in Colorado. The whole slope of the hill—and this was only one



among hundreds of similar slopes—was filled with flowers and pretty foliage, and a great variety of graceful grasses. By the harmonious mingling of colors in small figures was suggested a rare carpet such as Oriental weavers love; or as though a horti-

wild parnsnip; yellow masses of mustard and of another large plant; gentians—violet, blue and rich purple—as tall as a walking-stick; flax in fiery ranks wherever the sod had been disturbed; and many and many another. But most splendid of all



COKE OVENS AT CRESTED BUTTE

culturist had sown broadcast the remnants and scatterings of his seed-boxes, careless of how they might come up. Against the green and russet ground-tint of the thick grasses rose the fuzzy shakos of the mint surmounting dark-green pungent thickets. Beside these, perhaps, would stand two or three gaudy stems of the painter's brush or of the trembling Gillia, as though conscious that their scarlet was set off at an advantage. Here we saw the varnished yellow of ranunculus, there the proud crests of dandelions twice as big as any Eastern form—everywhere the sulphur petals of great yellow asters like small sunflowers. Purple asters—there are many representatives of this family in the Rocky Mountains—were in great numbers, too; and there was one diminutive variety whose petals had fallen for the most part, leaving seed-heads glowing like drops of liquid vermilion. Nearby stood a delicate blue blossom—scarcely more than a touch of color—which none of us knew; creamy white tufts of compositæ; and campanulus arching its bells over the scarlet runners of the wild strawberry. At a longer distance we could point out taller and more brilliant flowers; white umbrellas held by the dill, which grows here out of all proportion to the number of churches, and the grayish umbels of the

was that glory of the Alpine midsummer in the southern Rockies—the columbine, starting the dampened knolls under the edge of the grove's shade with purple, lilac, carmine-pink and pure white. Swaying and stooping beneath the breeze with the *spirituelle* charm of an angel, with texture so fine that gloves of gossamer would be too rough wherewith to handle its petals, all the range between fine and coarse, lovely and hateful, celestial and earthy, is expressed in the contrast between it and the sturdy sage-brush, springing from the same clod and fending from its delicate neighbor the too rude wind.

The mine was found on the precipitous side of a hill near the summit among great poplars, all bent uniformly outward by the weight of snow which had borne them down for more than half of each year while they were saplings. The coal-beds form strata clear across the hill, so that the miners can run their tunnels right out to daylight in any direction. The vein now worked is five feet thick at the entry, and increases to ten feet farther within. It is solid and pure, and is thrown down by blasting. The little cars in which it is drawn from the mine are dumped into larger cars at the brow of a hill, which travel on a tramway 1,600 feet long, and very cleverly built, down to the



OLD AND NEW GUNNISON CITY

breaker at the river-level. This breaker is the only one west of Pennsylvania, and is capable of transmitting 500 tons a day to the railway cars which run underneath its shutes.

The highest excellence is claimed for this anthracite coal by its owners, not only for domestic purposes but for the making of steam. In price, this company is able to

meet the Pennsylvanians at markets as far as the Missouri River, and to furnish all nearer points at a much lower rate than Eastern shippers can afford, while they hope to compete for the Californian business. The anthracite beds in this neighborhood are extensive, and undoubtedly other mines will be opened at an early day.

#### VIII.

Thirty miles below Gunnison City a range of granite hills stretches north and south from the San Juan to the Elk mountains. Through this barrier the Gunnison River finds its way in the bottom of one of the most striking—if not the first in rank—of all of Colorado's cañons. The railway follows the river from Gunnison, clinging close to its margin and pursuing all its sinuosities. Indeed, it has no alternative, for this country is the extremely rugged plateau-region overlooked by us when we were crossing to Lake City, as already described, and the traveler can rarely see farther from the car window than to the opposite side of the river. At the end of an hour's lively run the lofty, lava-terraced barrier through which the cañon has been cleft, comes into view ahead, and everyone betakes himself to the observation-car, which the railway

people attach here for the benefit of sight-seers.

The scene is wild and impressive. Massive and craggy hills are swiftly retreating from our view, borrowing the enchantment of distance. When we were winding among them they seemed sharp and hard. Every minute detail stared back with unpoetic distinctness. But now all those stony slopes and rectangular ledges are veiled in purple mist, woven through and through with golden threads of sunshine, made soft, tender and wholly charming. Above, those cliffs support green and rounded summits, some velvety with short grass, others showing a heather of bushes and briers, others billowy under the crowding heads of young aspens. Groups of spruces here and there rise above the tangled undergrowth, diversifying the mottled emerald

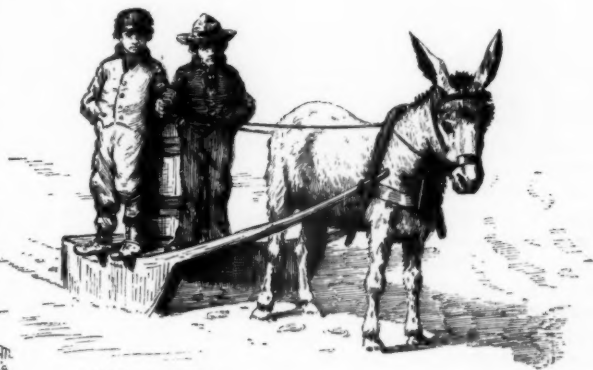
with pointed shadows of the richest indigo-green that reach far down the slope. On one great hillside nearly all is in red-brown shadow, but the advancing sunlight touches the outermost ledges, and they sparkle in silvery points and lines; while the new sunlight shimmers on the misty river beneath as though it were overspread with dewy gossamer.

All this records itself upon the retina in an instant. Another second and the far and tender landscape is shut out. We are hurling between close-shutting crags, that are the type of solidity, yet (because they rise so high above us) seem to waver as we gaze at their sharp cornices against the tremulous sky. Our ears are assailed by the crashing of iron upon iron; by steam, shrieking against the echoes, and the roar of tumultuous waters. The lyric sweetness of the hill-picture, caught as we entered the gates of the cañon, is gone; the poetry of this is in the stirring metre of a war-song. It tells of stupendous power—a power that some time rent asunder and pulled down the granite heart of the mountains, until the river formed a channel thirty miles long and many hundred—in one place nearly three thousand—feet in depth. This is not a valley with sloping sides slowly worn away. Here are vertical exposures that would fit into one another like mortise and tenon, facing cliffs that might be shut against their opposites so tightly that almost no crevice would remain.

But away with gloomy thoughts! The cliffs are founded in unknown depths, it is true; but their tops tower into the sunlight, and can be understood and admired. Straight from the liquid emerald frosted with foam that polishes their base—straight as plummet's line rise these gleaming walls of pink granite to their dizzy battlements. Here and there a promontory stands as a buttress; here and there a fallen fragment

leaves a grand pilaster, or a protruding crag overhangs like a watch-tower on a castle-wall; anon you may fancy a monstrous profile graven in the angle of some cliff—a gigantic Hermes rudely fashioned. There are sheer smooth faces, where natural cleavage-surfaces have been exposed to be polished by the weather into glassy smoothness; broken files of ragged layers lying in huge scales, and many a spot where the strata have been snarled and tangled in the most wonderful manner by the agitations that overtook them while plastic with heat. One vast cone, called Currecante Needle, stands nearly cut off from the general escarpment by deep ravines, and stands alone, a stately monolith of singular grandeur.

In the very centre of the cañon lives its greatest charm—Chipeta Falls. One cannot see whence nor how, but through a deep notch in the wall a strong stream flings itself out into the quiet air to be blown aside and made rainbows of, and then to fall with soft sibilancy into the river. The river itself is brave enough to do an equal feat if it had opportunity. Tearing along among the rocks that impede its impetuous current, and fretted by the ever-bending and relentless walls that confine and baffle its course, it hurls its plumes of foam high overhead in wrathful tumult, and with swift rush and ceaseless shooting forth of eddies under its green breast it bursts through or pours past obstacle after obstacle and sweeps on unconquered.



BEGINNERS IN BUSINESS

It has been my task to describe this wonderful cañon in a book to be called "The Crest of the Continent," the manuscript for which is now preparing, and I will quote in advance the comments I add to my detailed account.

"Thus," I say, "I have tried to give the reader some trifling indication of what he may expect to see during his hour in the heart of the 'Black Cañon,' which is not black at all, but the sunniest of places. I cannot understand how the name ever came to be applied to it. No kobolds delving in darkness would make it their home; but rather troops of Oreads darting down the swift green shutes of water between the spume-flecked boulders, dancing in the creamy eddies, struggling hand over hand up the lace-ladders of Chipeta Falls to tumble headlong down again, making the prismatic foam resound with the soft tinkle of their merry laughter. All the sprites of this cañon are beings of brightness and joy. The place is full of gaiety.

"This sense of color and light is perhaps the strongest impression that remains. Though it is quite as deep and precipitous as the Royal Gorge, it is not so gloomy and frowning; though the cataracts are greater than those at Toltec, they are not so fear-inspiring. In place of dark and impenetrable walls, here are varied façades of lofty and majestic design, yet each unlike its neighbor and all of the most

brilliant hue. The cliffs are architectural, suggestive of human kinship, and more than marvelous—they are interesting!

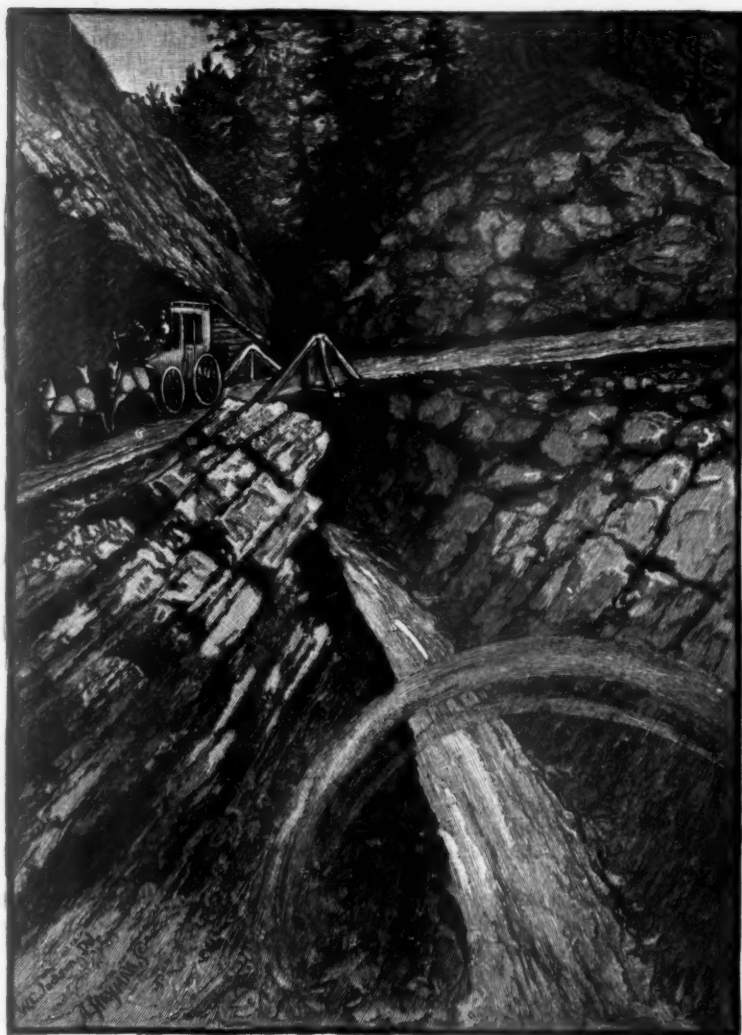
"Then there is the brilliant and resistless river. At Toltec it is only a murmuring cataract; in the Royal Gorge a stream you may often leap across; the Río de las Animas is deep and quiet. But here rushes along its gigantic flume a great volume of hurried water, rolled over and over in headlong haste, hurled against solid abutments, to recoil in showers of spray or to sheer off in sliding masses of liquid emerald. Now some quiet nook gives momentary rest. The water is still and deep. Small rafts of suddy bubbles swing slowly around the edges, tardy to dissolve. The rippled sand can be seen in wavy lines far underneath, like the markings on a duck's breast. The surplus water curves like bent glass over the dam that rims the pool on its lower side, and beyond is a whirlpool of foam and the hissing tumult of shattered waves, amid which rise the crests of crimson boulders flounced with circles of foam.

"Alternating with the vast pillars and the slick faces of red rock are the nooks and ravines where trees grow, flowers bloom, and the eye can get a glimpse of a triangle of violet sky; while sometimes a silken skein of white water can be traced down the deepest recesses of the glen, and the gleam of swallow's wings flitting in colonies about their nests bracketed against the wall."

## IX

Inasmuch as the mines are now to be considered an old story there, the boast of New Colorado is its agricultural resources. That is a point that has always been a tender one with Colorado, whose farming was necessarily in spots owing to the great elevation of the greater part of the State hitherto habitable. But in the valleys of the Gunnison and the Grand the river bottoms sink to only about 4,000 feet above sea-level; and the wide flat terraces or *mesas* lying between the bottoms and the foothills of the mountains are often only a few feet higher. The descent toward the west is rapid, as is shown by the exceedingly swift currents of all the rivers, so that

the Grand River region is the lowest, and there less harm is to be apprehended from bad weather than farther eastward. All valley or mesa land will prove productive under irrigation; and the two great obstacles to success, it may be said, generally, of the whole interior of the State, are drouth and the shortness of the season. The trouble is to overcome both these conditions at once; and because below the great cañon of the Gunnison they can do it, do the settlers hold high anticipations of success in farming. This success, too, is to be looked upon as clear profit, because already has Colorado raised grain enough to feed her own population.



BEAR CREEK FALLS—IN THE SIERRA SAN JUAN

The oldest farming district west of the main range—in fact, the only one hitherto cultivated within the district of the present article—is the park which lies in the Uncompahgre valley close to the foot of the San Miguel Mountains. This park is like a prairie, five or six miles square, and holds now about thirty ranches, where, half a dozen years ago, grew only wild pasture for

Indian ponies. The ranchmen were all poor men when they came here; now they have pleasant houses, well-fenced and irrigated farms, and equipments in abundance. I heard of one ranch sold lately for \$10,000, and was told of another where the owner cleared \$6,000 for his last season's profits. Everything is raised except Indian corn, but wheat is not cultivated so extensively as it



will be when milling facilities are better. Barley, oats, hay and vegetables are the principal crops, and potatoes probably offer the highest return of all. Prices have decreased to one-fifth the figures of five years ago, yet the ranchmen prosper and increase their acreage, putting surplus money into cattle which roam upon the adjacent uplands. The land is by no means all taken up, and improved property can be bought at reasonable prices.

This little nook, however, is now almost unnoticed in the agricultural forecast of the New Colorado. The farming region of which so much is promised, and whose discovery (as such) was only two years ago, may be said to begin at Montrose, and to extend northwestward twenty-five miles to Delta, with a large lateral extension up the Uncompahgre River. There is also the valley of the North Fork of the Gunnison and much territory along tributaries flowing from the northward. Below this point high lands inclose the river quite to its juncture with the Grand, on the northern side of which an area some thirty miles long, and in one place fifteen miles wide, can all be cultivated before the excessively dry and saline region bordering the Green River is reached. How many thousands of acres these combined districts measure has not been computed.

It is hoped that the reader will have a map of Colorado by him as he reads. He will then be reminded that the Grand River springs from the foot of Long's Peak, near the northern line of the State, and flows through an almost unending contest with mountains somewhat southwestwardly to the Utah line. Here it turns nearly south, and presently unites with the great Green River, whose head is in the edge of the Yellowstone Park, to make the Rio Colorado.

It is a pity our noblest streams cannot be made the monuments of noble achievements in their names, instead of bearing such trivial titles as Grand and Green, Red and Blue, North Fork and South Fork. Even when they have a good name, it is forgotten or perverted, as has happened to the Rio Bravo del Norte. This is done in many cases deliberately, though the speakers know better. Tomichi is generally called *Tomeetch*; Ouray

(Ouray) becomes Youray. It is wilful, too, and characteristic of the pig-headed ignorance and conceit which crops out so offensively in all frontier society. I had a man tell me the other day, that he mispronounced Spanish and Indian names purposely, because he hated Greasers and Red-skins, and thought it a shame that anything should be named after them or any memento be kept of their former presence. He talked Spanish as well as English, and more correctly, yet never failed to say "meesa" for mesa, and "Santa Fee" for *Santa Fe*, and Denver and "Ryo Grand" instead of *Reco Grande*. Old Escalante, in 1776, gave names to many of these rivers; it would be a great gain if they could be restored.

All of these agricultural lands are outside the mountain-cores, and surrounded by plateaus of sedimentary rocks. They were cut down to their present level in those days following the melting of the great glaciers—whose marks can be plainly seen in all the mountain cañons—when huge torrents, turbid with their freight of silt, were ceaselessly excavating these broad basins and filling them with a heavy flood. Strata, many hundreds of feet thick, were cut through, and chasms whose jagged depths arouse our awe, were chiseled out of the hard mountain-flanks, before the slow change of the climate stopped the work. The rivers lost their power with the drying of the air, and sank into diminutive channels or ceased altogether. The lakes that filled the wide basins drained away, and sunken plains were left by the last slow process level as lawns, and coated with deep, rich mud. For into these old, quiet, expansions of the rivers—of which the valley where the Gunnison and Grand unite is an excellent example—had been poured the freight of soil brought down from the mountain sides, where the varied rocks were pulverized under glaciers and swept along by endless meltings. Thither was carried by the swift waters the mingled dust and pebbles of primeval granite, volcanic overflows and sedimentary sands, lime and clay. It was the latest mixture of all that before this had been handled again and again through the fires that upheaved the inner ranges, and the waters that laid down the rocky tables, thousands of feet in thickness, that surrounded the primeval

heights and partly survive in our plateaus. Into the river-lakes went all this mixture—a union of the best elements in all the composition of the western slope of the Rockies. In the whole world you could not find a soil made after a better recipe.

To make useful these river-bottoms there will be no lack of water. Competent observers say that the supply of the Grand alone is sufficient for half a million acres, so that the complicated and expensive lawsuits which have plagued ranchmen in the eastern part of the State can hardly find an excuse to occur here. This abundance is a

therefore, until next year, but enough has been learned, even in the new Grand River region, to make it sure that when the peculiarities of this adobe soil and the looser mesa soil are understood, so that the farmers may know exactly how to apply their irrigation to the best advantage, the most plentiful crops of all the cereals can be produced. I was told that at Grand Junction already had been grown corn (maize) stalks eleven feet seven inches high; a bunch of wheat, having seventy-four stalks in one stool; barley, with seventy-six stalks in a stool; oats  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet high; Egyptian millet



CRESTED BUTTE

matter of vital importance and inestimable advantage. "Water," writes an authority, "has a value above that of land anywhere in Colorado. Where land, in the valley of the Cache la Poudre, is valued at \$10 per acre, a water-right carries a valuation of \$15 per acre, and is more easily disposed of. The blessing attending the cultivation of the soil where the water supply exceeds the area of land can only be appreciated by those who have seen their crops wither for want of it."

It is only recently, however, that this water supply has become available through canals for any extended farming, outside of one or two small stations like Uncompahgre Park. Large crops cannot be expected,

giving 105 stalks from a single seed, and weighing thirty-six pounds; four cuttings of alfalfa; Irish potatoes, weighing from two to four pounds apiece; cabbages, five to twenty-three pounds apiece; beets, carrots and all other vegetables equally prodigious in dimensions. I did not measure and weigh these examples I have quoted; but from what I have seen, I incline to think the statements not untrue. There seems to be no question of the extraordinary productivity of the soil of this district.

Equally large anticipations are held in the lowlands along the two principal rivers that this will prove itself to be a fine fruit-growing district—something lacking as yet in Colorado.

## HOW TO MAKE MONEY IN WALL STREET.

BY HENRY CLEWS.

**B**UT few gain sufficient experience in Wall Street to command success until they reach that period of life in which they have one foot in the grave. When this time comes these old veterans of the Street usually spend long intervals of repose at their comfortable homes, and in times of panic, which recur sometimes oftener than once a year, these old fellows will be seen in Wall Street, hobbling down on their canes to their brokers' offices.

Then they always buy good stocks to the extent of their bank balances, which have been permitted to accumulate for just such an emergency. The panic usually rages until enough of these cash purchases of stock is made to afford a big "rake in." When the panic has spent its force, these old fellows, who have been resting judiciously on their oars in expectation of the inevitable event, which usually returns with the regularity of the seasons, quickly realize, deposit their profit with their bankers, or the overplus thereof, after purchasing more real estate that is on the up grade, for permanent investment, and retire for another season to the quietude of their splendid homes and families.

If young men had only the patience to watch the speculative signs of the times, as manifested in the periodical egress of these old prophetic speculators from their shells of security, they would make more money at these intervals than by following up the slippery "tips" of the professional "pointers" of the Stock Exchange all the year round, and they would feel no necessity for hanging at the coat tails, around the hotels, of those specious frauds, who pretend to be deep in the councils of the big operators and of all the new "pools" in process of formation. I say to the young speculators, therefore, watch the ominous visits to the Street of these old men. They are as certain to be seen on the eve of a panic as spiders creeping stealthily and noiselessly from their cobwebs just before rain. If you only wait to see them purchase, then put up a fair margin for yourselves, keep out of the

"bucket shops" as well as the "sample rooms," and only visit Delmonico's for light lunch in business hours, you can hardly fail to realize handsome profits on your ventures.

The habit of following points which are supposed to emanate from the big operators, nearly always ends in loss, and sometimes in disaster to young speculators. The latter become slavish in their methods of thought, having their minds entirely subjected to others, who are presumed to do the thinking for them, and they consequently fail to cultivate the self-reliance that is indispensable to the success of any kind of business.

To the question often put, especially by men outside of Wall Street, "How can I make money in Wall Street?" there is probably no better answer than the one given by old Meyer Rothschild to a person who asked him a similar question. He said, "I buys 'sheep' and sells 'dear.'"

Those who follow this method always succeed. There has hardly been a year without in my recollection, going back nearly thirty years, when there have not been two or three squalls in "the Street" during the year, when it was possible to purchase stocks below their intrinsic value. The squall usually passes over in a few days, and then the lucky buyers of stocks at panic prices come in for their profits, ranging from five to ten per cent. on the entire venture.

The question of making money, then, becomes a mere matter of calculation, depending on the number of the squalls that may occur during any particular year.

If the venture is made at the right time—at the lucky moment, so to speak—and each successive venture is fortunate, as happens often to those who use their judgment in the best way, it is possible to realize a net gain of fifty per cent. per annum on the aggregate of the year's investments.

In this way it is easy to see how the rich will get richer, and the poor poorer.

Sometimes men make money in Wall Street by strange turns in their fortunes that appear

like having been governed by a special Providence, and this sometimes occurs when men appear to be utter wrecks.

One of the strangest examples of this kind, in my personal experience, occurred in 1885.

A man called at my office utterly broken down in spirit, with but a few hundred dollars left out of many thousands that he had possessed a few months previously.

"I hardly know what to do," he explained. "I have a few hundred dollars left, which I will leave with you, and you can use your pleasure with it. I am going out to the country for the remainder of the summer. I will leave my address with you, and, if there is any good result, you can let me know of it. I really don't hope for much, and of course I need hardly tell you that, in the event of being 'wiped out,' you need not apply to me for more margin. Let this go with the rest," he added, despairingly.

The man walked sadly out, and I did not see him again for months. I invested his pittance on the *carte blanche* order which he had given me, to the best of my judgment. The result was favorable, and his account began to accumulate. He was duly advised, according to our business methods, of his good luck, but I did not hear anything from him personally for several months.

One day, a portly gentleman, with rosy health beaming in his face, stepped into my private office, and was quite profuse in his thanks to me.

"Are you the man who went to the country in despair to die?" I asked, in surprise at his changed appearance.

"I am," he replied, "and I owe you the wonderful change which you now see to your timely advice. I staked almost my last dollar on that counsel, and now I am comfortably fixed through your management of the small fund placed at your disposal."

There are others who lose, in spite of all that the most honest judgment can do to prevent them. Some men, when they have money, are so perverse that all attempts to get them to do the right thing only have the opposite effect, and they prefer to follow every wild rumor.

One day, for instance, a man gave me an order to buy a thousand shares of Erie without limit. The order was executed at ninety-four. I had no sooner bought it than the stock went down.

My customer returned in a short time and ordered the stock to be sold. It was then ninety-two and one-half.

In half an hour afterward he returned and ordered it bought back again, without any limit as before. It was bought back at ninety-five.

After consulting with other friends for some time, he ordered it sold again. The market by that time was ninety.

He then came back the fifth time, and said: "I first saw one man, who told me to buy, and then another, who told me to sell. I understand one is called a 'bull' and the other a 'bear.' About these names I don't know much, but I do know now that I am a ——— jackass."

This affords a good illustration of the way the average speculator is managed and perplexed in Wall Street. There is a means of avoiding such a peck of trouble however, if he would only take a little wholesome advice, wait patiently for a proper opportunity, and not rush headlong to purchase on the "tips" of the delusive rumor mongers. He would then begin to learn how to make money in Wall Street.

Speculation is a business that must be studied as a specialty, and though it is popularly believed than any man who has money can speculate, yet the ordinary man, without special training in the business, is liable to make as great a mistake in this attempt, as the man who thinks he can act as his own lawyer, and who is said "to have a fool for a client."

The common delusion, that expert knowledge is not required in speculation, has wrecked many fortunes and reputations in Wall Street, and is still very influential in its pernicious and illusory achievements.

Professional advice in Wall Street, as in legal affairs, is worth paying for, and costs far less in the end than the chief "points" that are distributed profusely around the street, thick as autumn leaves in Vallambrosa, and which only allure the innocent speculator to put his money where he is almost certain to lose it.

My advice to speculators who wish to make money in Wall Street, therefore, is to ignore the counsel of the bar-room "tippers" and "tipplers," turn their backs on "bucket shops," and when they want "points" to purchase, let them go to those who know.

GOOD STORIES OF WILLIAM R. TRAVERS.

NO one since Artemus Ward has started a greater number of witty sayings and amiable hits than the late club favorite, the leader of turf and athletic sports, the stockbroker, W. R. Travers; and it is time the best of them were served up together as a *sauce piquante*. Wherever he moved, flashes of his droll humor, made still more effective by his stuttering speech, enlivened his comrades. The following anecdotes are obtained chiefly from one of his business associates. The brilliancy of his wit shines with all the more sparkle because of the spirit of good will and of strong sense permeating all he said.

One day after Mr. Travers began business in New York, an old friend from Baltimore met him in Wall Street. As it had been a long time since they saw each other, they had a number of topics to talk over. They had been familiar friends in the Monumental City, and were not therefore restrained by the usual social formalities.

"I notice, Travers," said the Baltimorean, "that you stutter a great deal more than when you were in Baltimore."

"W-h-y, y-e-s," replied Mr. Travers, darting a look of surprise at his friend; "of course I do. This is a b-b-blamed sight b-b-bigger city."

In the yachting season a loquacious and irrepressible Britisher was invited to accompany a party, of which Mr. Travers was the leading spirit, down the bay in Mr. Travers' yacht. The voluble English orator had talked everybody within earshot of his voice almost deaf. When the party arrived at the dinner table it was hoped that he would cease for a short time; but when every other topic seemed exhausted, as well as the patience of his listeners, he started off with renewed fluency on the subject of oysters, which constituted the dish then at table.

"It is now a debatable point among scientists," he began, "as to whether or not the oyster has brains." Travers, who up to this time had endured the infliction of his loquacious guest with the calmness of Job, said, "I think the oyster must have b-b-brains because it knows enough when to sh-sh-shut up."

The English orator was dumfounded and his fluent tongue ceased to wag.

The worst set-back probably that he ever received during his residence in this city was on one occasion on his way home after the business day was over. Being attracted by the display in the window of a bird fancier and dog dealer, from curiosity he was tempted to enter the place. One of the conspicuous objects that met his eye was a very large-sized parrot. Mr. Travers inquired of the proprietor who was in attendance, "C-c-can th-th-th-that p-p-parrot t-t-talk?"

Its owner quickly replied, "If it couldn't talk better than you, I'd cut its head off."

Mr. Travers made up his mind to get even with this dealer in animals and birds, and succeeded most effectually. His coachman made a complaint to him that the stable was overrun with rats. Mr. Travers said, "Well, you m-m-must hunt for a r-r-rat dog." The coachman made it known that Mr. Travers wanted a dog, and dog dealers soon became as abundant at Mr. Travers' house as the rats were at the stable. Among the rest who responded was this identical man who kept the store where the parrot was. Mr. Travers recognized him at once, and told him, "If y-you'll b-b-b-be d-d-down at the s-s-stable in the m-morning with t-th-the d-d-dog, I'll g-g-give him a t-r-tr-trial, and if he p-pr-proves to b-b-be a g-g-good r-rat c-c-catcher, I'll b-b-buy him."

Mr. Travers sent for his coachman and told him to catch three or four rats and put them in the bin, and he would be down in the morning to try the dog. So, good and early next morning Mr. Travers was on hand at the stable, and also the dog man and his terrier. Three rats having been put into the bin, Mr. Travers ordered the dog placed there. The rats were so ferocious that they kept the dog at bay, and he took to the corner of the bin for protection. At length the owner pushed him upon the rats, and after a fierce tussel the dog secured one and shook him until dead. This success encouraged a tussel with another, which, after a long fight, shared the same fate. The third rat, however, made a prolonged fight,



which resulted in a draw, and it was hard to tell which was the worst hurt, the dog or the rat.

The owner of the dog then turned to Mr. Travers and said: "Now you see what a fine dog that is, won't you buy him?" Mr. Travers replied: "I d-d-don't w-w-want t-t-to b-b-buy the d-d-dog, b-b-but I'll b-b-b-buy the r-rat."

A well known banker of New York, whose head is sparsely adorned with hair, and who had been made to pose in an illustrated paper as a self-made man, tells this story:

"I happened, one afternoon, on my way uptown, to drop into the Union Club, and as usual, went into the main room. It was full of members, largely composed of a scattering of bankers and brokers.

"Travers was present, and when he is on hand on such occasions, it always meant laughter for the multitude at some one's expense. In this instance it happened to be at mine. As I entered the room, Travers said, in an audible voice: 'Hallo, boys! here comes the self-made man!' Then, addressing himself to me, he said: 'I s-s-say, Cl-Cl-Clews, as you are a s-s-self-made man, wh-wh-why the d-d-devil didn't you p-put more h-h-hair on the top of your head?'

"I found consolation, shortly afterwards, in a joke that the same facetious individual perpetrated upon another member of the Club, who happened to be one of New York's most celebrated lawyers. This gentleman has been connected with some of the largest and most remunerative railroad cases in our courts for many years, and is in the habit of exacting a very fat fee from his wealthy clients. He was standing on the side of the street opposite the Club House one afternoon, while Travers, surrounded by a cluster of club men, observed him on the other side, meditating, with hands in pockets. 'Look across the way, boys,' said Travers, 'th-th-there's B-B-Barlow with his hands in his own pockets at last.'"

A. T. Stewart, the world-renowned retail dry goods merchant, was elected, on one occasion, to preside at a meeting of citizens during the war period, Travers being among the number present. When Mr. Stewart took his gold pencil case from his pocket and rapped with its head on the table for the meeting to come to order, Travers called out,

in an audible tone, 'C-cash!' which brought down the house, and no one laughed more heartily than Mr. Stewart, although it was a severe thrust at himself.

One of Travers' best *bon mots* was inspired by the sight of the Siamese Twins. After carefully examining the mysterious ligature that had bound them together from birth, he looked up blankly at them and said, "B-b-brothers, I presume."

One of Travers' contemporaries was a Mr. Frost, whose peculiar methods of financiering gave him an uncomplimentary reputation. Frost had bushy, curly hair, a beardless, full face, and a very red nose, which could have been acquired only at considerable expense. Mr. Travers met this gentleman one morning when time was beginning to tell upon Mr. Frost's white locks. Travers cordially shook hands with the old gentleman, and, after making a rapid survey of his person, said, "Wh-why, Mr. Frost, wh-wh-what beautiful white hair you have; what a su-su-superb blue n-n-necktie you wear; what a m-m-magnificent red nose you have got. If I had s-s-seen you as I do now in w-w-war times, I should have taken you for a p-p-perfect p-p-patriot, red, white and blue."

Mr. Travers once said to a friend: "Come and see me in S-September. If y-you wish I will give you a p-point that will m-make m-money." He wished to do the man a favor in return for a kindly office. Late in the month mentioned the friend dropped into Travers' office.

"C-come for that p-point?" asked Mr. Travers.

"Certainly," replied the friend.

"Well, y-you are the luckiest d-dog I know. I p-played that p-point two weeks ago myself and lost a pile of money. Y-you st-stick to m-me l-long enough and c-close enough, and I'll l-land y-you in the p-poor-house, sure."

When "Plunger" Walton was in the height of his prosperity on the turf he met Travers at Saratoga.

"I have been anxious to see you for some time," said Walton. "I think we can do business together," he added. "I've got good judgment on horses and horse racing, and you have the same on stocks and stock speculation. I've made three hundred and fifty thousand dollars on horse races in the

last two years. Now, you give me points on stocks, and I'll give you points on races. Is it a go?"

"Y-you've made three h-hundred and f-fifty th-thousand dollars on h-horse racing?" Travers repeated.

"Yes."

"And you w-want m-me to g-give you p-points on st-stocks?"

"In exchange for my points on horses. Yes."

"Well, I'll g-g-give you a f-first rate p-point. If you've made that much in two y-years, st-stick to your b-b-business. It is a f-first rate p-point."

One day, many years ago, Mr. Travers was standing on the curb of New street, opposite the Exchange, buying some stock from a gentleman whose aspect was unmistakably of the Hebrew stamp.

"Wh-wh-what is your name?"

"Jacobs," responded the seller.

"B-b-but wh-what is your Christian name?" reiterated Travers.

The Hebrew was nonplussed, and the crowd was convulsed with laughter.

The first time Mr. Travers attempted to find Montague street, in Brooklyn, he lost his way, although he was near the place. Meeting a man, he said:

"I desire to r-reach M-montague st-street. W-will you b-be k-k-kind enough to pup-point that way?"

"Y-you are g-going the wrong w-way," was the stammering answer. "That is M-montague s-street there."

"Are y-you mim-mimicking me, making fun of m-me?" asked Mr. Travers, sharply.

"Nun-no, I assure you, sir," the other replied. "I-I am b-badly af-flicted with an imp-pediment in my speech."

"Why do-don't y-you g-get cured?" asked Travers, solemnly. "G-go to Doctor —, and y-you'll get c-cured. D-don't

y-you see how w-well I t-talk? He c-cured me."

A foppish swell, whose polished bald head was conspicuous in one of the clubs, begged Mr. Travers to advise him what character he should take in a coming masquerade.

"W-w-why d-don't you p-p-powder your head, and g-go as a p-p-pill?" replied Travers.

It is related that when Mr. Travers was once riding in a crowded stage-coach, holding his small son on his lap, a handsome lady appeared at the door of the coach, but every seat being taken she was obliged to stand. Travers reproachfully addressed the child on his knee. "M-my b-b-boy, w-where's your manners? W-w-why don't you g-g-give the lady your seat?"

Mr. Travers was a kind and indulgent father, but was pleased to see his boys manifest ample pluck like himself. Apropos of this characteristic, one of his boys came home one day with a big blackened eye.

"W-w-w-where d-d-did you g-g-g-get th-th-that?" inquired the father, anxiously.

"In a f-f-fight, sir," replied the son, who had a similar impediment in his speech.

"D-d-d-did y-y-you w-w-whip the other f-f-fellow?"

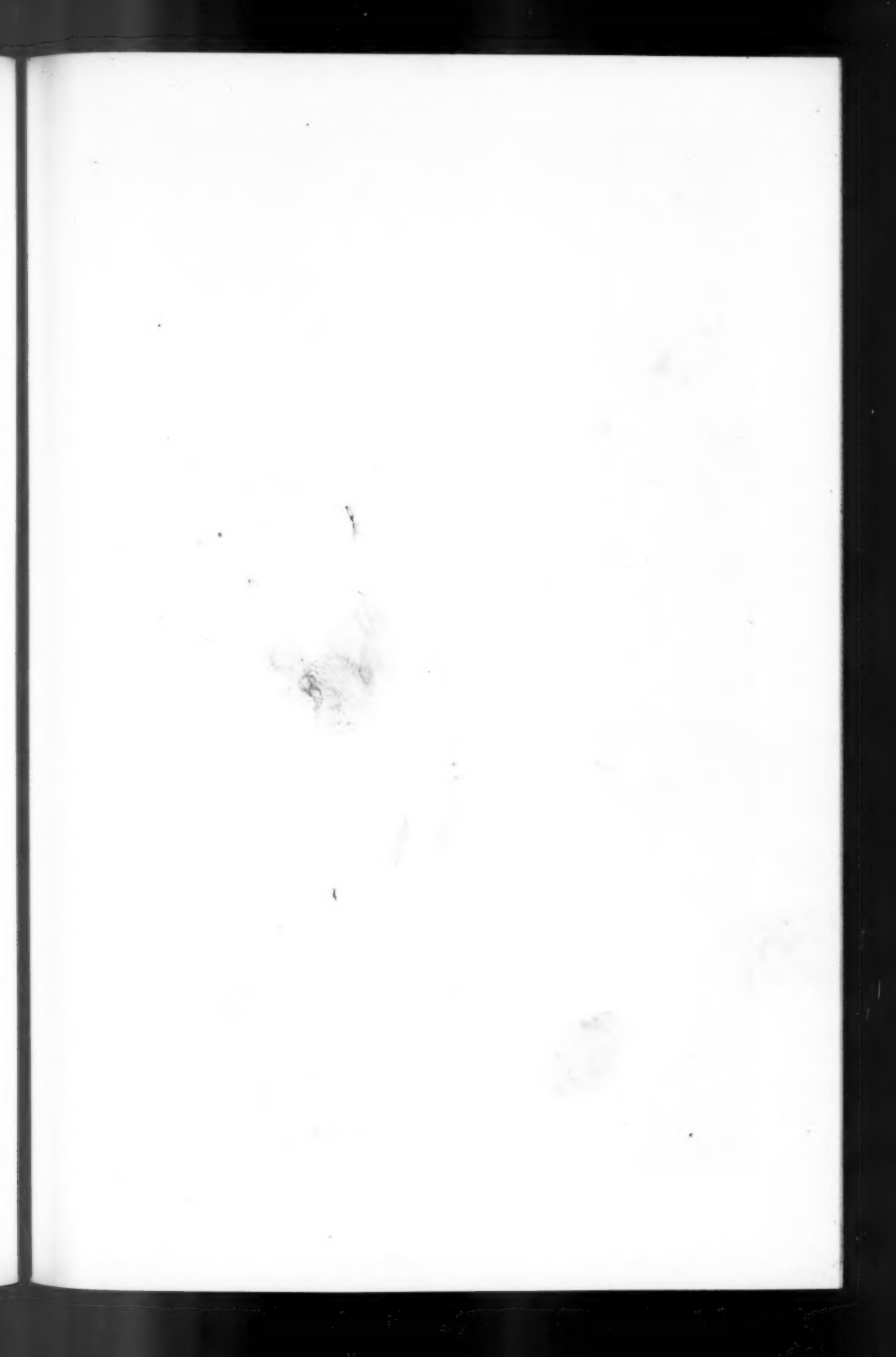
"Y-y-yes, sir."

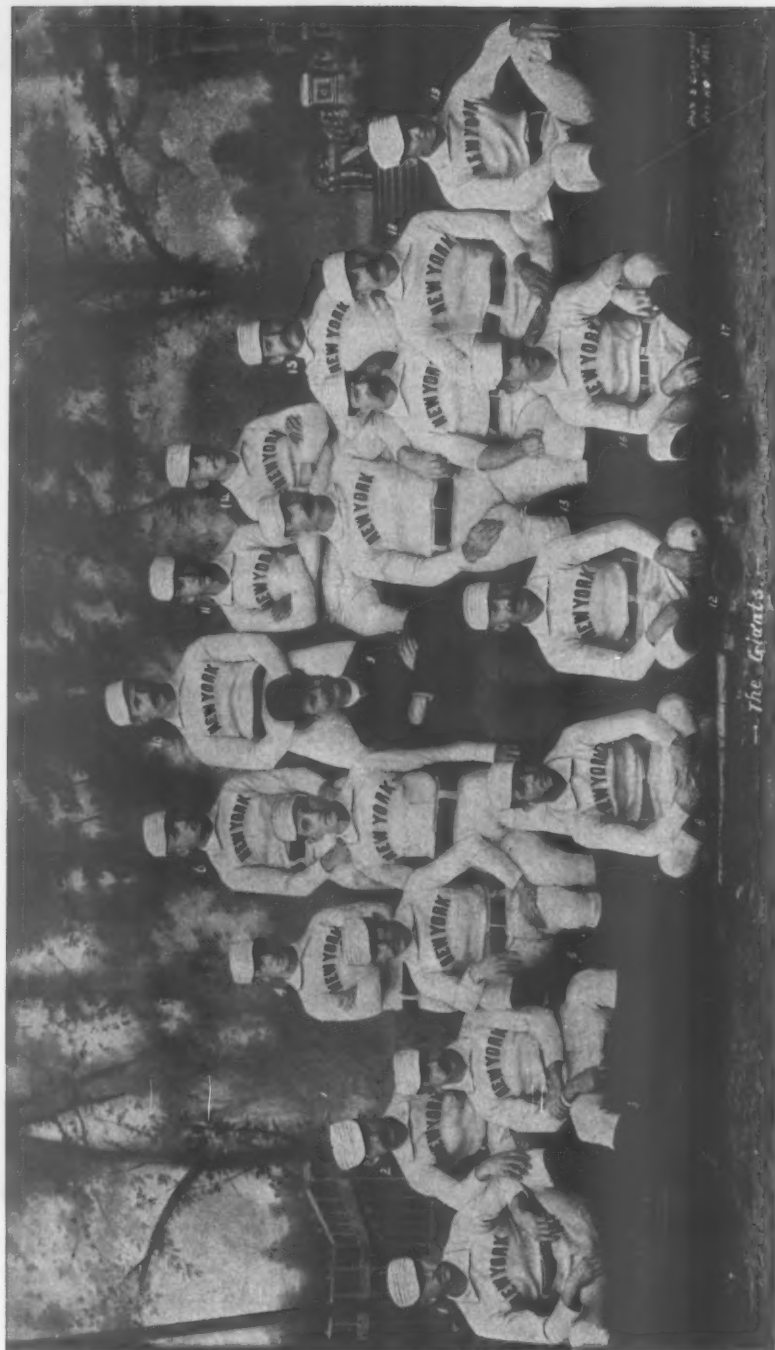
"Q-q-q-quite r-r-right. H-h-h-here's a d-d-dollar f-f-for y-you. Always w-w-whip the other f-f-fellow."

His wit, like that of Tom Hood, did not forsake him even in his last hours.

While on his death-bed at Bermuda a friend called to see him, and said: "What a nice place Bermuda is for rest and change." Travers replied: "Y-y-yes, th-the waiters g-get th-the ch-change and the h-h-hotel k-k-keepers th-the r-r-rest."

The closing refrain of every friend of this famous wag always sounds the same—"We shall never see his like again."





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THE NEW YORK BASE-BALL CLUB.

1. Titcomb.  
2. Keefe.  
3. Whitney.

4. Slatery.  
5. Ward.  
6. Richardson.

7. Foster.  
8. Welch.  
9. Mutrie.

10. Crane.  
11. George.  
12. Ewing.

13. Connor.  
14. Hatfield.  
15. Gore.

16. O'Rourke.  
17. Tierman.  
18. Murphy.  
19. Brown.

— The Giants —